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September 17, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NAT L WEEKLY

Some Women Are Wise A Short Story By **Kat**

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SEPT. 17, 1938

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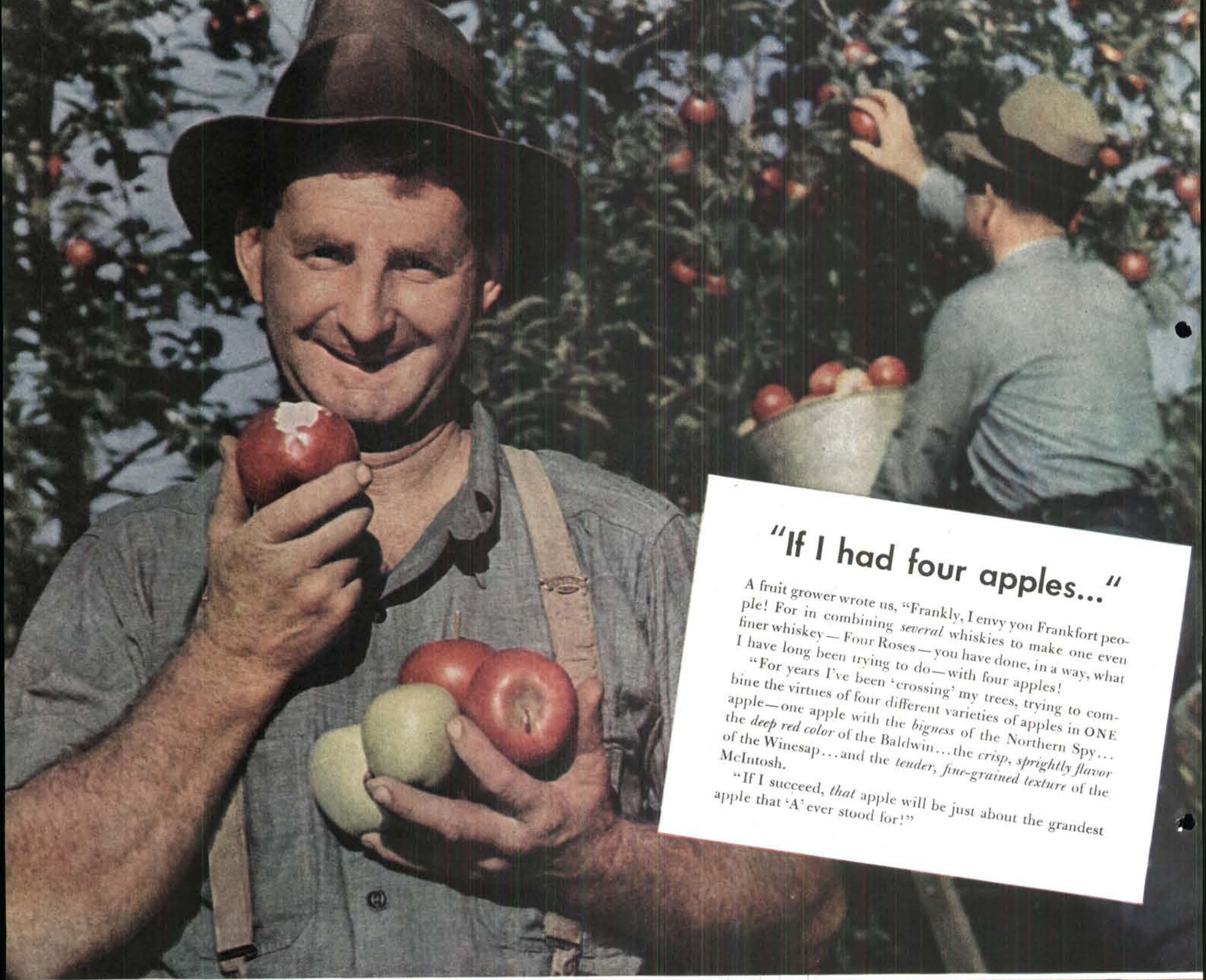

"If I had four apples..."

A fruit grower wrote us, "Frankly, I envy you Frankfort people! For in combining *several* whiskies to make one even finer whiskey — Four Roses — you have done, in a way, what I have long been trying to do — with four apples!

"For years I've been 'crossing' my trees, trying to combine the virtues of four different varieties of apples in ONE apple — one apple with the *bigness* of the Northern Spy... the *deep red color* of the Baldwin... the *crisp, sprightly flavor* of the Winesap... and the *tender, fine-grained texture* of the McIntosh.

"If I succeed, *that* apple will be just about the grandest apple that 'A' ever stood for!"

If you had Four Roses...

If you should taste Four Roses right now, you'd understand why our friend's letter comes pretty close to explaining the magnificence of this whiskey.

For, in making Four Roses, we use more than just a *single* straight whiskey. We take *several* fine straight whiskies — one for its delicate aroma, another for its rich body, another for its smoothness, or flavor. Then we bring these whiskies together in such a way that ALL their virtues are united in ONE superlative whiskey — *Four Roses!*

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

A blend of straight whiskies — 100% straight whiskies — 90 proof

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The Magazine Cover Girl of 1948 can't let "Pink Tooth Brush" endanger her smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

LUCKY LITTLE JOAN! The smile that's so charming in this little girl of eight ought to be utterly irresistible when she reaches eighteen! For already she's had an excellent start toward a future of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums. Already she has learned an important oral hygiene lesson—*that massage of the gums* is as important as *cleaning the teeth!*

For modern dental science teaches that gums are often deprived of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of vigorous chewing helps make gums weak and tender. Then, all too often, they flash that warning of "pink tooth brush"—a warning you *must not ignore.*

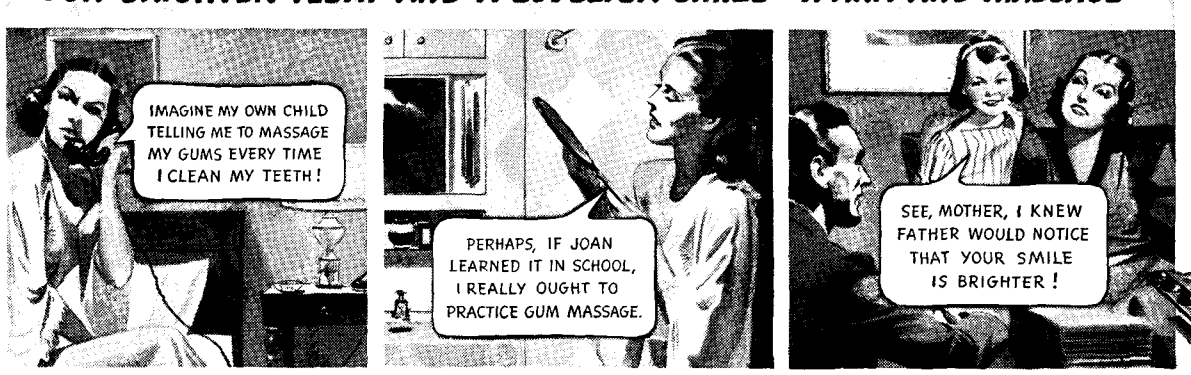
If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll recommend more exercise for lazy gums. And often he'll suggest "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Thousands are finding Ipana and massage a splendid way to better dental health—to a brighter, more attractive smile!

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist today for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

FOR BRIGHTER TEETH AND A LOVELIER SMILE - IPANA AND MASSAGE


IMAGINE MY OWN CHILD TELLING ME TO MASSAGE MY GUMS EVERY TIME I CLEAN MY TEETH!
PERHAPS, IF JOAN LEARNED IT IN SCHOOL, I REALLY OUGHT TO PRACTICE GUM MASSAGE.
SEE, MOTHER, I KNEW FATHER WOULD NOTICE THAT YOUR SMILE IS BRIGHTER!

IPANA
Tooth Paste

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

September 17, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

SINCE 1926, Robert Elliott has been the official executioner for the states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Vermont. He has legally put to death in electric chairs more than 370 people—among them Sacco and Vanzetti, Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Now, and for the first time, this tall, spare man of 64, whose prosaic life is so oddly at contrast with his macabre profession, tells his story. He tells you the things he has seen and how he feels about them. "And May God Have Mercy on Your Soul," is the title of the first of the series of six articles.

DR. BENJAMIN BARNES, Wadham-Marshall's Professor of Musical Appreciation, had one thing in common with Barrel-House Benny Barnes, leader of the Rhythm Rascals: he was the same man. But he had got well away from his past and was engaged to a beautiful lady psychologist, who often said she considered swing a manifestation of mass barbarism.

The trouble was, Professor Barnes still had to beat it out now and then. It was like secret drinking. And then his past caught up with him. Suddenly and completely. In "Hot Piano" you will hear Benny giving it in spades and see what that did to the lady psychologist. The story is by Richard English.

FORTY years ago British unionism passed through a phase not unlike that being experienced in the United States now. Today, England has no labor strife. Her labor organizations are responsible to the law. Criminal prosecution follows illegal strikes, and illegal strikes are any that endanger the public interest. That's why America has turned to a study of the English system, which Winston Churchill discusses in an important article.

FIVE years ago they were a Hollywood star team—one of the very best. They could write their own contracts in those hectic days, but they tore them up instead. Perhaps you've wondered what became of Doris Hill and Monte Sloan. They "Turn Left on Thursday." Quentin Reynolds brings you their strange and romantic story.

THE Short Short Story is by William Cole. William MacHarg, Corey Ford, Alastair MacBain, Theon Wright and Elizabeth (Fashion is Spinach) Hawes contribute articles. E. Phillips Oppenheim, John August and Freling Foster also compete for your attention and entertainment.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
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The Spymaster. The fifth of ten parts. The mystery man shows his hand. Page 18

JOHN AUGUST
Troubled Star. The third of ten parts. Susanna finds a confidant. Page 20

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●

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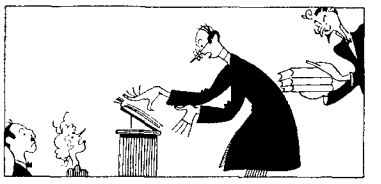
EDITORIAL
Divided We Fall. Page 50

COVER GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Any Week

PERHAPS we're somewhat laggard. We have been contending that there is nothing wrong with this country except the people. Of course nobody agrees with us. No week passes that we don't receive forty or fifty letters telling us in concrete terms just what bedevils this nation and how to cure its itch. This week the winner is Mr. Joab G. Harticon of Austin, Texas. "We have," says Mr. Harticon, "too many educated preachers. When a preacher is educated he talks outside the Lord. Nobody understands what he says but nobody will admit it for fear of being called ignorant.



We, the people, demand preachers who are not educated so we can get the true gospel and come back quick to prosperity and good government. Let us close all the colleges for preachers. Education for preachers was started by the devil."

WE'RE accused of not being sufficiently indignant about Communism. Captain Mills Bickley of Raleigh, North Carolina, assures us that he'd go farther than merely jailing Communists. "I would," says he, "throw those who tolerate Communism in the same cells with the Reds." We suspect that the captain doesn't know any Communists—personally, that is. We do. Two of them called on us the other night. The husband is a Stalinist, his wife a Trotskyist. They were in quite a state. Some campers had insisted upon looting a wild blueberry patch on their leased acres. When remonstrated with (by the wife) the campers said that God had caused those berries to grow, not she. So they went on picking and she got a shotgun and chased them. Her husband was on his way to the police demanding that the campers be thrown into jail. Seldom have we seen such indignation over encroachment upon property rights. And when we hinted that the defense of private property with arms was somewhat short of our conception of Communism we lost some of our popularity.

TO BEGIN with, Mr. Ernest Gerunde of Portland, Maine, wishes it understood that he is not one to mourn "the good old days." Mr. Gerunde is a young man "giving daily battle to the present and looking forward with eagerness to the future." "Still and all," says Mr. Gerunde, "there is this to be said of the old days: Then, when a politician ran for re-election, he had to chase around begging folks to chip in a few dollars to help him in his hard fight to keep the country from going to the dogs. Today all he has to do is to be on the Administration's side and let the government pay his campaign expenses."

MR. H. B. ETHRIDGE of Amsterdam, New York, recently "saw a sight that should make your old heart warm to its last cockle. There were seventeen passengers reading magazines in the railroad coach. Of these magazines twelve were Collier's. And it was four days after the issue was out." But the best part of it was that the other five magazines were soon being used as fans, the day being somewhat warm.

AND Miss Georgie Pratt of Des Moines, Iowa, wants to know what's become of our associate, W. B. Courtney. Mr. Courtney is now in the Far East prepared to explain to you a number of hitherto unexplainable features of the Chino-Russo-Japanese nonsense. "I heard somewhere," says Miss Pratt, "that you had lent Mr. Courtney to the movies to play Rhett Butler in Gone with the Wind."

WE FEEL ourselves becoming indignant. Says Mr. H. M. Brehem of Hortonville, Wisconsin: "I have encountered a farmer who has wrung $4,300 from the soil. Bit by bit he had deposited it in a small Wisconsin bank. Recently he found use for his $4,300. He went to the bank with his certificates of deposit. A polite young teller pointed to some very small print on the certificates, which read thus: 'These funds are accepted for deposit for the period of twelve months. Federal law prohibits the payment of the principal or the interest before maturity.' But Mr. Farmer needed the money—his money. So Mr. Banker suggested that he had a whole vault full of U. S. currency waiting patiently to be lent at six per cent. And that's what finally happened. Mr. Farmer borrowed $4,300 at six per cent until the bank got good and ready to let him have his own $4,300 on deposit at two per cent."

POLICE! Poooolice! W. D.

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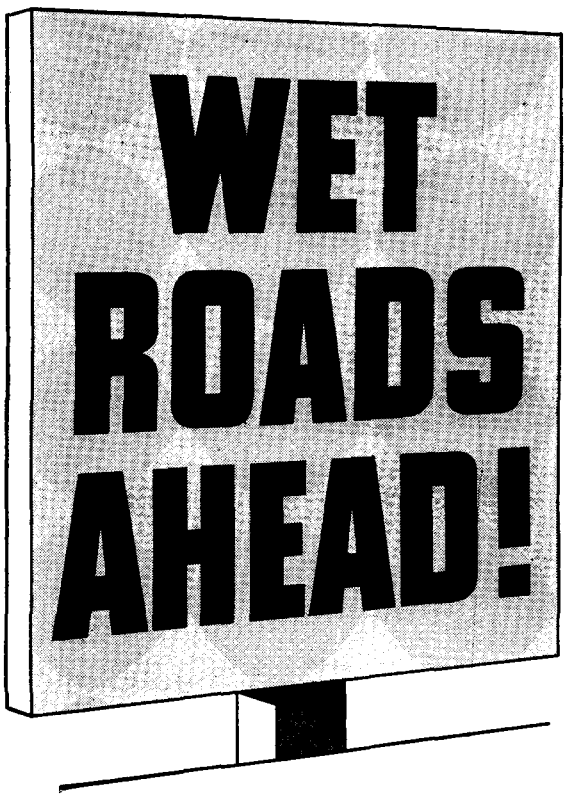
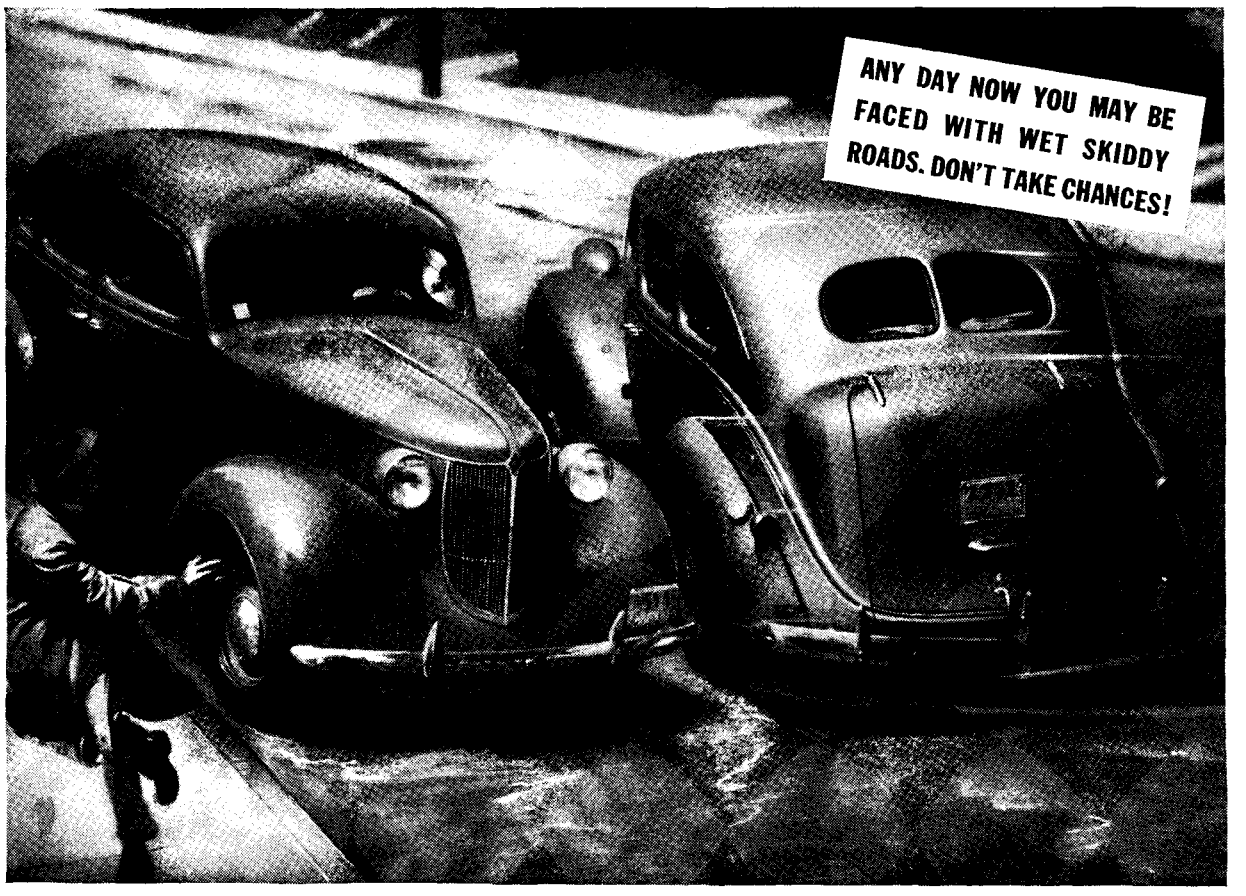
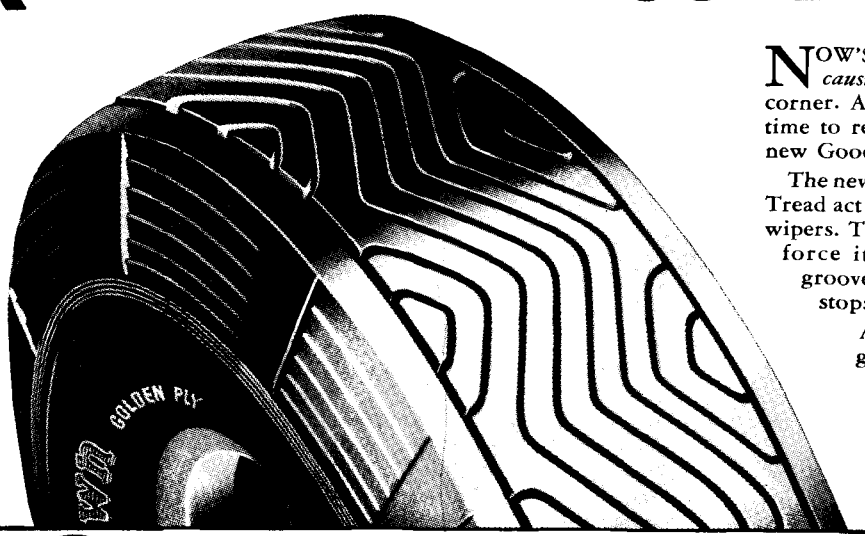




NEW *Road-Drying* TIRE STOPS YOU QUICKER THAN YOU'VE EVER STOPPED BEFORE!



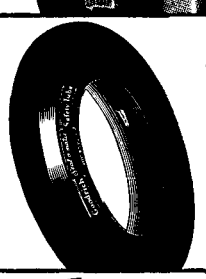
NOW'S the time when plenty of wet, *skid-causing* weather may be just around the corner. And that's why *right now* is the wise time to replace smooth, dangerous tires with new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread act like a rapid-fire battery of windshield wipers. They sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—give you the *quickest* non-skid stops you've ever had.

And *on all roads, at all times* Silvertowns give you another great life-saving feature—the famous Golden Ply that resists *internal* tire heat and provides you with scientific protection against high-speed blow-out dangers.

Yet in spite of the fact that Silvertowns give you every great life-saving tire feature you can name—*they cost not a penny extra!* For *tomorrow's* safety, have your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store put these life-saving Silvertowns on your car *today!*

FREE! Your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store has for you a *free* copy of "QUIT YOUR SKIDDING". This valuable book tells what to do if your car runs off the road onto soft shoulders—how to cross slippery car tracks—and gives many other driving hints that may save your life. Go in today. *There is no obligation.*



AMAZING TUBE SELF-SEALS PUNCTURES *While You Ride!*

Avoid the worry and grief of changing tires on some cold, drizzly day. Get Goodrich Seal-O-Matic Safety Tubes—the amazing tubes that automatically seal punctures as you ride. See this real "trouble-saver" today.

Goodrich SEAL-O-MATIC Safety Tube
"THE TUBE THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN"

THE WINNER! For thousands of miles over wet and dry roads—the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory checked this new Silvertown—*and it won "hands down"!* Read the complete story at the right.

PROOF! REPORT FROM AMERICA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT TESTING LABORATORY

"BOTH *regular*, and also the *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"The new Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"The Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth."

A. R. Ellis, President
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION — GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
GOSH, THAT MOUNTAIN LOOKS HIGH—I'M GLAD WE'RE GOING TO RIDE UP ON THE COG RAILWAY
YES, IT'S NEW ENGLAND'S HIGHEST PEAK. WE OUGHT TO GET A WONDERFUL VIEW UP THERE!
TRAILER TRIP AT MT. WASHINGTON, N. H.
OH, DAD—WE'RE NOT GOING UP ON THAT TRAIN, ARE WE? THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE'S BROKEN DOWN
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY—IT'S BUILT ON AN ANGLE TO KEEP THE BOILER LEVEL ON THE STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADES. THE CAR SEATS ARE ON AN ANGLE TOO
NOW, WE'RE PASSING OVER THE TRESTLE CALLED 'JACOB'S LADDER'—WE'LL SOON BE ABOVE THE TIMBER-LINE. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, CHUBBINS?
MY, IT'S THRILLING! SEEMS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD. B-R-R IT'S GETTING CHILLY AS NOVEMBER
WHAT A GRAND VIEW! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM CANADA TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SPREAD OUT LIKE ONE BIG MAP
YES, WE'RE FORTUNATE TO HAVE SUCH FINE, CLEAR WEATHER
ISN'T IT AMAZING, THE VIEW YOU GET FROM WAY UP HERE?
YES. DO YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY YOUR PIPE SMOKES AT THIS HEIGHT?
WHY NO, I DON'T. THE TOBACCO I USE GIVES THE SAME COOL, FULL-BODIED SMOKE ANYWHERE!
OH, PRINCE ALBERT, EH? A LOT OF MY FRIENDS SMOKE P.A. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY IT. MIND IF I BORROW SOME?
M-MM-SA-A-Y- PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES GRAND, ALL RIGHT! BY GOLLY, IMAGINE A TOBACCO BEING SO TASTY, YET SO COOL AND FREE FROM BITE. THANKS!
DON'T THANK ME. THANK THE P.A FOLKS FOR TAKING OUT THE BITE, EVEN THOUGH THEY USE BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH

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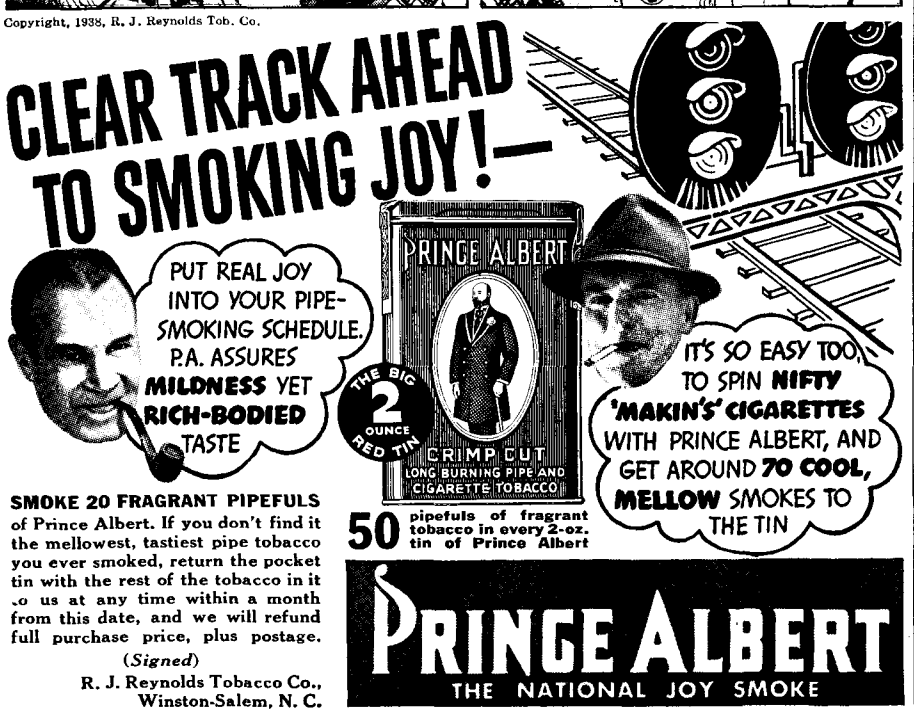
CLEAR TRACK AHEAD TO SMOKING JOY!—


PUT REAL JOY INTO YOUR PIPE-SMOKING SCHEDULE. P.A. ASSURES MILDNESS YET RICH-BODIED TASTE
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
IT'S SO EASY TOO, TO SPIN NIFTY 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES WITH PRINCE ALBERT, AND GET AROUND 70 COOL, MELLOW SMOKES TO THE TIN

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although most monocles are worn to correct the defective vision in one eye, Americans still look upon this single eyeglass as an affectation. In fact, it is so ridiculed in the United States that European countries rarely send monocled diplomats to Washington.—*By Fabian Stolaroff, Los Angeles, California.*

The annual labor turnover in the United States is approximately 50 per cent, which means that an industrial job lasts, on the average, only about 26 weeks.—*By Eliza Dodson, New York City.*

About 200 years ago in France, a man named Maillardet built an automaton; a little boy who, kneeling before a desk, would draw pictures and write verses in French and English. Although a fire, about 75 years ago, reduced the machine to a charred jumble of wheels, an American recently succeeded, after three years' labor, in restoring this automaton without the slightest knowledge of its original construction.

Since 1933 all coins and currencies of the United States have been legal tender, and debtors are no longer required by law to pay obligations with money of certain denominations.—*By W. G. Dallas, Temperance, Michigan.*

Alaska's first flag, adopted in May, 1927, was designed by a 13-year-old boy named Benny Benson. It consists of eight stars, one representing the North Star and the other seven the Big Dipper, all in their proper places, on a field of midnight blue.

The catapults that shoot Germany's new 18-ton passenger airplanes from the decks of ships are so powerful that they can give the machine a speed of 95 miles an hour in two seconds.

About one quarter of all American children live today in "broken" homes, in which either the mother or father, or both, are missing through death, desertion, separation or divorce.

Of the 550,000 live words in the English language at the present time, at least 100,000 have been added in the past twenty years.—*By Berthe Robert, New York City.*

Not long ago Peru solved a unique transportation problem with an air line. Before the line was established, the quickest and easiest way to go from Lima to the country's inland port, Iquitos, a distance of 700 miles, was to make a 14,000-mile voyage, through the Panama Canal to England, back to Para, thence up the Amazon River.—*By Mrs. Robert F. Campbell, Washington, D. C.*

Biologists believe that three out of every four American-born Negroes have at least one white ancestor.

At Eton, England's most distinguished preparatory school, students still are flogged, on rare occasions, for a serious misdemeanor. Such a birching is considered by the faculty to be a service—like the pressing of the boy's clothing—and he has to pay for it as "medical treatment."

Of all the world's people engaged in paying occupations, 63 out of every 100 are agricultural workers.—*By David MacFarlane, London, England.*

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Buy the Common Sense Fountain Pen

With the World's Finest Writing Points

It's the business end of a fountain pen—the point—that makes or mars your writing pleasure... With Esterbrook, points are all-important. That's why this is the common sense fountain pen you will eventually buy.

Esterbrook Points may be imitated ... but never duplicated—There is no substitute for Esterbrook's accumulated knowledge and skill as the makers of the world's finest writing points for 80 years. Others may imitate, but *only Esterbrook can make an Esterbrook writing point.*

Your Choice of 18 Re-New-Point Styles—Esterbrook is the only fountain pen that offers a choice of 18 scientifically graded writing points. This exact grading of width and flexibility is the direct result of Esterbrook's 80 years of making writing points for every purpose . . . No other pen offers you points to fit your writing style so completely. Should mishap overtake your Esterbrook... *you can duplicate your original Re-New-Point and screw it in the holder yourself without any repair delays.* Your Esterbrook need never get old.

★

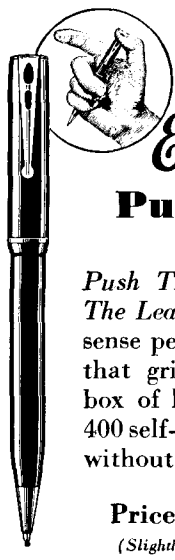
Esterbrook Fountain Pens are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PENS *(black or colors)* **$1.00** *and up* — DURACROME RE-NEW-POINT Complete with feed **25c** *(Osmiridium-tip styles 50c)*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE ESTERBROOK PEN CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
or Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

World's Greatest Pen Makers Since 1858



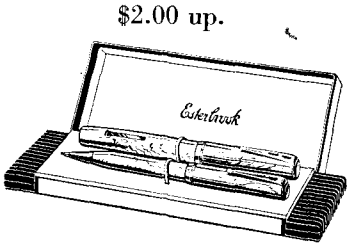
Esterbrook Push Pencil

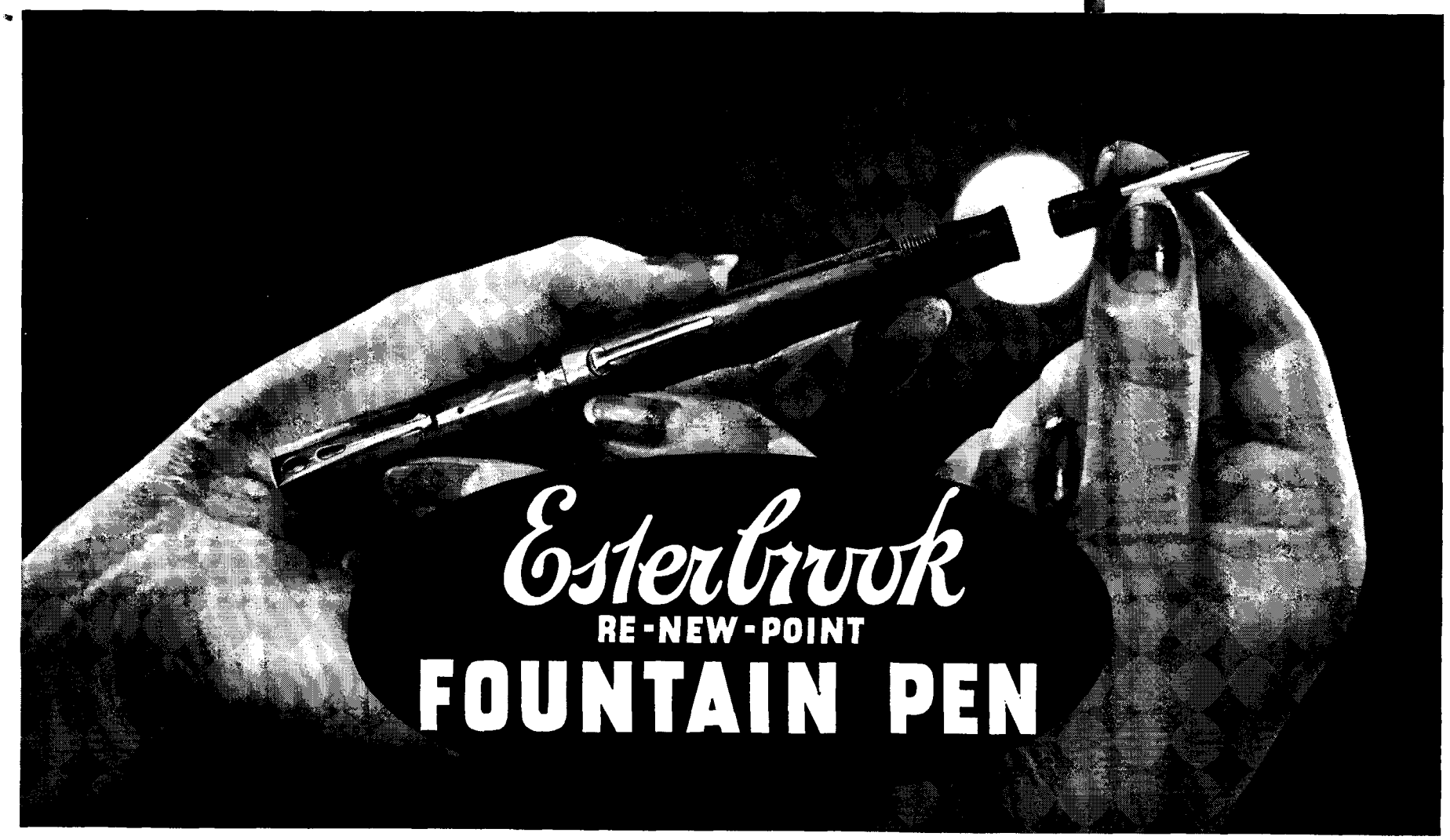
Push The Top To Feed The Lead! The common sense pencil with the tip that grips. Holds a full box of leads. Gives you 400 self-sharpened points without reloading.

Price **$1.00** *and up*
(Slightly higher in Canada)

★

There's a Push Pencil to match your Esterbrook Pen. Matched sets in attractive gift boxes $2.00 up.





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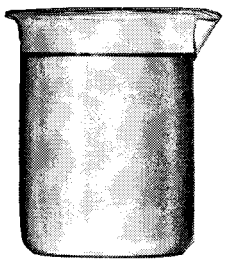
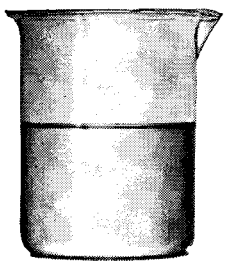
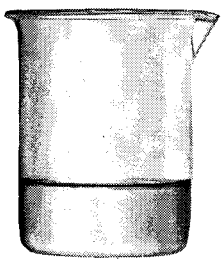
It takes this much gasoline
to go a mile in low gear...



And this much
to go a mile in second...



But only this much
to go a mile in high....



In STOP and GO, a mile S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—*uses 3 times as much gasoline*

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer—while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two*.

The number of extra revolutions your engine makes depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of your driving is in low and second gears.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they rearranged the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible"—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

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"Oh, sure," he conceded carelessly. "I had a sort of crush. But of course she was married"

Some Women are Wise

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

She had to face reality before she could find romance

MONDAY in the long, hot midsummer vacations was always a day of depression, nerves and domestic crises in the Washburn household. The problems on Monday demanded a capable manager and an experienced worker, and Phyllida Washburn was the first to admit that she was neither. But, gallantly, almost fiercely, she would fling herself into the familiar confusion, not reasoning, not thinking, simply doing what her hand found to do, and doing it with a will.

One source of Monday morning frenzy was that Hilton liked a hot supper on Sunday night, no matter how late he came in from fishing or golf. Phyllida, after a long dull day with only her mother and the boys—Don and Davy—for company, would prepare it and serve it herself; more, she would sit up to share it with him at nine o'clock, for Edda never came on Sundays. The boys were always in bed then, and her mother was gone; Phyllida would be drooping with sleepiness and fatigue as she listened to accounts of freak shots out of bunkers, or of old Judge Weatherwell's fashion of broiling a fresh-caught salmon on a luncheon fire.

"Imagine," she would say dully, yawning.

"Is that the boys—that noise in there?" Hilton, laying down knife and fork, might ask.

For being in bed did not mean being asleep to the Washburn twins. They were out of bed and running about; they were being jumped back into bed by their mother; they were receiving his shouted orders all the time their father was eating his supper. So that poor Hilton's Sunday suppers, or indeed weekday dinners, were not apt to be very restful.

But there was no help for it; that was the way things had to be when there was not much money and no regular servant. Phyllida left the ash trays untouched when finally the meal was over, piled dishes in the sink, abandoned the dining room to crumbs and wet glasses. It could all wait until Monday morning; then she would have a regular cleanup. Hilton's breakfast would be served somehow in the midst of the disorder. Then he would be gone, and the twins sent off to the playground three blocks away, and Phyllida free to attack affairs at home. Her head bound in cheesecloth, her slacks conveniently brief, her old soft tennis shoes and loosest sweater completing her costume, she went about tirelessly. . . .

When business had been better, or rather, in a brief interval when some fifty per cent of Hilton's patients had paid their bills, Phyllida had had Edda regularly, all day long. Now Edda came in every day at eleven to get the hearty lunch, clean the kitchen thoroughly after it, and put in one extra hour in some other room; in short Edda gave three hours of service daily, and was paid twenty-five dollars a month for it. Everything else Phyllida did, "for no pay at all," as she sometimes reflected.

PHYLLIDA had been a very pretty girl. At thirty-five she still boasted appealing round blue eyes and a clear skin. But the mouth was a little dragged and thin; the dark rich curls, touched with gray here and there, were rarely in their old glossy order. Nervous days and wakeful nights had robbed her of her color. Phyllida had come to hate the look of her own face in the mirror; she hated her clothes; somehow they never made her look as she once had looked to herself.

She dragged along, struggling with old bills, with new scars on chairs and wallpapers. One boy got ringworm; the other entered upon a long battle with impetigo. But when Phyllida finally went to see the doctor, it was about herself that she talked.

Tears came to her eyes. She sat wretched and

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"His sister?" the doctor observed tentatively. "Tess? Ha!" Phyllida said

ashamed in the shady office, with the white-clad old man thoughtfully watching her biting her lip, trying to make light of the commonplace old story, trying to laugh it off. Nervous all the time. No, not sleeping very well. Headaches. It was partly this suffocating weather, of course. Yes, they were still living in West Ninth; near to Hilton's office; they were still in the "hopeless, impossible" community apartment that his father had given them on their marriage, eleven years ago. Eleven years was a rather hopeless, impossible time to have been married. Phyllida ventured. No, she was not especially worrying about debt; they'd work out of that; they were paying it off. But she had no regular maid, and she had to keep going, with a five-room flat, two small boys and a dentist husband. "You don't know what a 'home-to-lunch' husband means to wives!" Phyllida ended, with a forlorn effort at a laugh.

"And now Hilton's getting obstreperous?" the old man asked simply, when she paused. "He's tired of it, eh?" Phyllida's eyes widened. There was a moment's silence.

"Who told you?" Phyllida demanded then, not looking at him.

"You did," said the doctor. "Or at least you described all the symptoms, and I diagnosed them. Who is it?"

"Doctor, are men crazy?" Phyllida demanded by way of reply. "He had his home, his devoted wife, his profession, his sons. You *know* the sort of wife I've been! And now, after eleven years, some brainless girl of nineteen—"

"Nineteen, is she?"

"I don't know! I don't know anything about her! Oh, don't think," Phyllida said proudly, "that he's *confessed*. He just—didn't deny. I found—I'll show you what I found. And last Sunday, when my head was simply splitting, and they'd said that what Davy has is impetigo, I couldn't bear any more! I gave it back to Hilton—this is it. He wouldn't touch it. It was in the pocket of his hunting coat."

SHE had dried her eyes and blown her nose; she was searching vigorously in her handbag. A crumpled bit of blue paper came to light. On it was only a brief message. "My dear, here is the lovely old ring back again. I'm sorry."

There was a pause. Phyllida watched the doctor's face intently.

"His sister?" the doctor observed tentatively.

"Tess? Ha!" Phyllida said. "She writes nineteen pages from Canada about three times a year. Oh, no," she went on, gathering up the paper, "it's some fool girl who's fallen in love with the dentist. He didn't deny it. He just said, 'I'm terribly sorry, Phil.' Sorry!" Phyllida echoed scornfully, as she put the note away. "What's a man *made* of that he can tell the woman who's given her whole life to him that there's a younger, prettier woman, and that he's *sorry!*"

"Nurse in his office?" the doctor asked, pondering.

"He has two—the O'Brien girls. They're both engaged to the Rourke boys, and wrapped up in their sister Loretta's four babies," Phyllida responded dryly. The doctor laughed a great "ha-ha!" and after a second she laughed reluctantly, too.

"Hilton doesn't seem like the man to be drawn aside by some giddy young fool in her teens," the man presently said soberly. "He doesn't—no, of course, he doesn't want a divorce."

"I should hope not!" Phyllida answered confidently. "And if he did, I'd never consent for the boys' sake. But am I to go on," she demanded, her voice rising again to resentment, "am I to go on working, saving, cooking, slaving in that hot old-fashioned flat, while he philanders with some woman—probably a Philadelphia girl? At least he was awfully anxious to get to the dentists' convention in Atlantic City last week, and he's going down again at the end of this month for a week."

"Get yourself some frocks and go with him," John Morley said. "Don't let Hilton get away with this. Meet this other girl, face her down. You're a mighty pretty woman, Phyllida. You've nothing to be afraid of!"

"Mighty pretty!" she echoed in light scorn. "Well, I'm infinitely obliged to you," she added, getting to her feet. "If I could only raise enough courage to do it, it might be the smartest thing to do. But I'm so blue and tired most of the time! However, I'll think about it. And thanks."

She went away; walked to Hale's big store and bought herself a linen dress for three dollars, and a pair of white shoes. The little extravagance and self-indulgence lightened her heart, and she felt *(Continued on page 47)*

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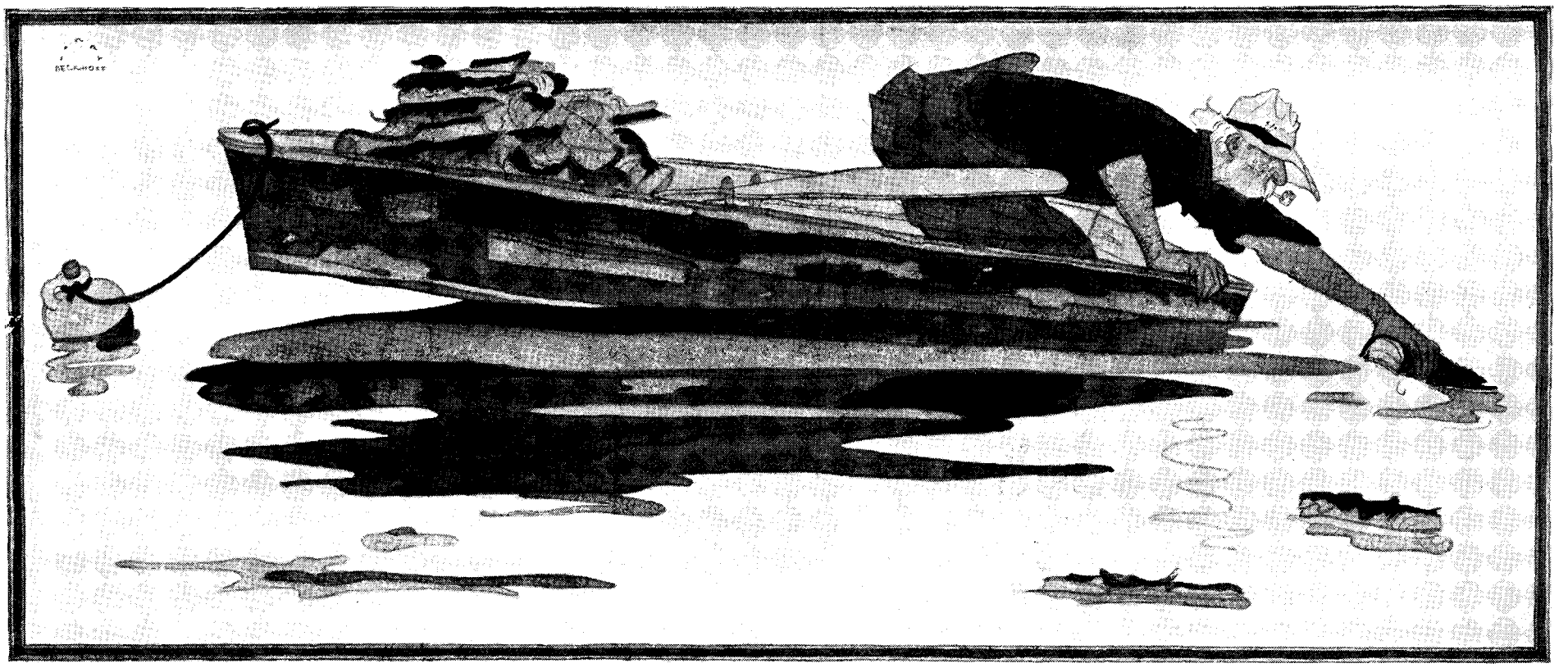

So in a day or two Cash started pickin' up the waste, pilin' it in his flatboat

In the Public Interest

By Frederick Skerry

THE chairman of the welfare board checked names on a list of prospective cases. But at the name of Cash Dancy he paused, pursed his lips, and shook his head.

"I can't rightly okay Cash Dancy for town and state relief, Bert."

Bert Moseley looked surprised. "But, Mr. Tate, he seems to need assistance more than any case I've investigated. He—"

"Yeh, I know, Bert. *Seems to* is right. But you, bein' kind of new to the town, wouldn't know about Cash."

"Well, if I can't recognize the earmarks of want when I see 'em, maybe a mistake was made in sendin' me down here to look after the state's end of this relief business."

"Oh, now, Bert! I ain't criticizin' your work. Get me? It's just that you don't understand Cash, that's all. Want! Well, Cash ain't never in want because he don't want much."

"Just because he hasn't asked for relief is no argument, as I see it."

"Cash ain't asked for anythin' in his life—not even for work, Bert. What was he doin' when you seen him?"

"Why, he was sittin' outside that miserable shack of his—the very picture of want and discouragement."

The chairman nodded. "An', I suppose, he was busy with somethin'—cleanin' his gun, or whittlin' thole pins for his boat, or somethin'."

"Why—no. He was just sittin' there."

"Sure. I know. He's just sittin' there most o' the time."

"But a man of his age, Mr. Tate—"

"Shuh! Age! Why, Cash Dancy ain't as old as I am—not by several years. You can't go by whiskers, Bert. I could have 'em too, only I ain't too dod-blamed shiftless to shave. What looked like want to you, Bert, is just plain shiftlessness. Understand, I'm all for this town-and-state help for people. I know that a considerable part of the money goes to them as ain't rightly entitled to any help, but there's a lot of folks that need help because of one thing or another—old people that's left without support, or ailin' people not able to work, and people that would be glad to work if there was work to be got, that'd rather work than take help. But Cash Dancy ain't among any of 'em.

"Hard times ain't done nothin' to Cash; when times was good he was just the same as he is now, Bert. Cash ain't the result of the times; he's the result of a state o' mind. Like a college professor said, who came down here for his lungs and got to know Cash, he has livin' reduced to its simplest terms. Needin' so little, it don't take much effort to get all he needs.

"Right there on the riverbank he can ketch himself a mess o' fish whenever he likes—ain't sayin' he does, but there's the fish for the takin'. An' he can gun for rabbits an' such—don't know as he does, but they're waitin' if he hankers for 'em. 'Course fish need cleanin', an' rabbits need skinnin'—and that's somethin' Cash'd consider.

"THEN he has a still in the hills somewhere—couldn't say where and wouldn't if I could. But he makes the finest corn likker that's made in these parts. An' that's a mystery because fine corn means extra work. But maybe Cash is a mite partic'lar about somethin' he likes himself. Anyhow, the money he gets for his corn likker buys the few things he needs—a little flour, a little coffee, salt, sugar, tobacco, ca'tridges an' such. Cash Dancy ain't in what you'd call want, Bert—well, maybe *you'd* call it want.

"I ain't sayin' his income wouldn't class him as bein' needy. But his way of livin' don't signify need. An' givin' Cash Dancy money would be his ruination. Why, *givin'* him money would take away his independence by removin' the necessity of doin' *anythin'*—even if what he does is to make corn likker an' is a little unlawful. Up to an' includin' now Cash ain't asked no favors of anybody—an' to my mind that makes him better than a lot o' people I could mention. An' as that college professor would say, it'd be malfeasance to make such subversive use of public funds.

"An' that's to say nothin' about Cash Dancy's peace o' mind, Bert. I believe it'd worry Cash to have more money kickin' around than he needs. If Cash thought anythin' of money he could've had some any time before now. But evidently he don't want it. Why, look: For years he's been just sittin' out in front of that shack of his, lookin' at nothin' except the waste from the sawmills goin' down-river with the current, and maybe a kingfisher or two, hoverin', waitin' to dive at a fish. But one day he is hangin' around Dickson's mill, a mile above his shack. Just standin' around watchin' the logs go through.

"An' Dickson says, 'Cash, you've got a flatboat, ain't you?' Cash allowed he had. 'Well,' says Dickson, 'look at all the waste floatin' down. You pick it up and pile it on my wharf, and I'll sell it off for firewood and give you half what I get for it. What say?'

"Cash thought it over, then he says, 'All right, I'll do it.'

"'Fine!' says Dickson. 'There's a lot of it right now.'

"So in a day or two Cash started pickin' up the waste, pilin' it in his flatboat an' stackin' it on Dickson's dock. In a couple o' weeks he has quite a pile on the dock. Then one day he goes to Dickson. 'I been thinkin',' he says. 'This here waste is mine if I pick it up.'

"'Sure, it is,' Dickson laughs. 'Yours—or anybody's.'

"'Well,' says Cash, 'I ain't goin' halves with nobody. I'm quittin'.'

"AN' HE just quit an' never picked up another slab. There ain't so much floats down now as did then, but what there is Cash just sits and looks at. So, y' see, it ain't money that Cash wants. You got the wrong idea about Cash Dancy, Bert."

"Well, Mr. Tate, it sure looks so. I'll just cross his name off."

"Thought you would, Bert, when you got the facts."

With relief, the chairman watched Bert Moseley's disappearing back, listened to the sounds of his footsteps on the bare stairs. When the sounds ceased Tate drew forth a large handkerchief and wiped his brow. Huh! Outsiders coming and interfering with the internal affairs of a community! It would be against public interest to put Cash Dancy on the relief rolls. Anyhow, this business wouldn't go on forever; it would stop one day and then Cash Dancy would be just where he was now.

But in the meantime, with free money coming in, Cash would quit making corn likker! And then what would people do? Chairman Tate grew dry just imagining such a prospect. Licking his lips, he leaned to pull out a drawer of his desk, a lower drawer and deep, that must have been intended to hold a gallon jug.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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Collier's for September 17, 1938

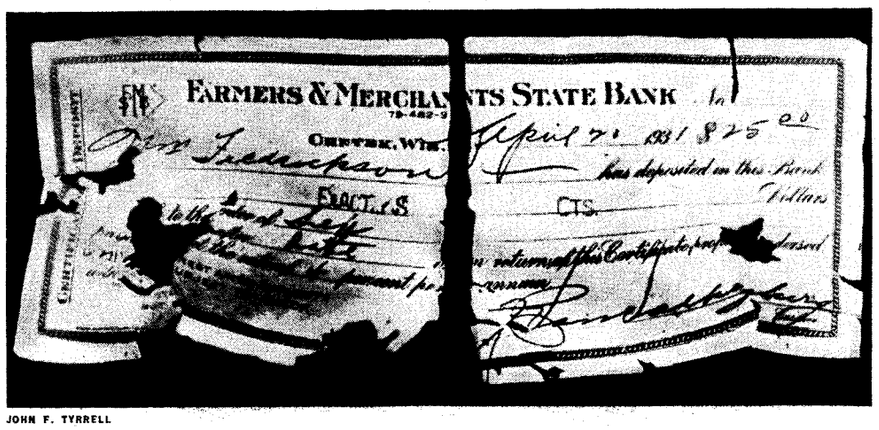
An ordinary photograph of a check that had been charred beyond any degree of legibility and (below) a photograph of the same remnants taken with infrared radiation

JOHN F. TYRRELL

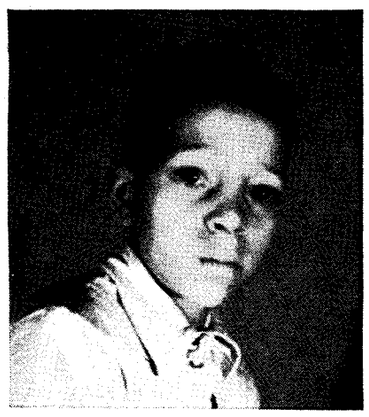
Don't Trust Your Eyes

By Carl Norcross

To catch action too fast to see or too slow to see, objects too far away or too small, call a cameraman. Dr. Norcross gives you the story of what he can do



JOHN F. TYRRELL



It's hard to photograph a colored boy in the dark, but it can be done. Upper right shows picture in ordinary light. Lower, in darkness with the use of infrared rays

TO MOST of the sixteen million Americans who own photographic equipment, a camera is still something to take on a picnic. Unknown to this army of shutter clickers, the camera has graduated from the picnic grounds to the halls of science.

In addition to taking pictures of tiny tots in rompers, photographers today can take pictures through a foot of steel or concrete as well as through all parts of the human body. Still pictures taken at one millionth of a second and motion pictures at speeds up to 8,000 pictures a second give engineers their first significant glimpse of machinery moving so fast the eye cannot see it. Biologists photograph cellular changes, physicians record the mysterious goings on of the human body, metallurgists build our age of steel on their spectrographic analyses.

In research laboratories throughout the length and breadth of the land the camera is the newest and most dramatic of scientific instruments.

Modern crime chasers use photography in many ways. A bond forger destroyed his unsold bonds by burning them. Police found a few small pieces of crisp, charred paper and infrared photography brought out enough evidence to convict the forger. Film sensitive to infrared rays, and a red filter were used, which is the same infrared method by which aerial photographs are taken through haze. The way infrared can worm beneath the visible surface of materials is miraculous.

Infrared photography also solved the recent murder case of a young woman. After her death suspicion fell on a businessman but he denied knowing her. Detectives found that a small square, where a name might have been written, had been cut from one page of a calendar pad on the man's desk. The page below was photographed and, from the faint impression of the writing, out popped the girl's name.

Forgeries of passports or other documents are often easy to detect with infrared or ultraviolet rays because the inks used by forgers show up differently from those of the originals. Take the sad case of Hazel—a blonde from Los Angeles who was taking care of her old-age security by cultivating an elderly and wealthy apartment-house owner. When he died Hazel filed his will and claimed the fortune. Photography revealed that while the signature was genuine, Hazel had taken a bona fide letter and chemically removed everything but the signature. Then she faked the handwriting for the body of the will.

Quick, Watson, the Spectrograph

Many forgeries are crudely done and photography is not needed. Watermarked paper, or a typewriter, is used, which was not on the market at the supposed date. Forgers often make a point of telling of special services they have rendered to justify the bequest. In forging her employer's will, one housekeeper naively wrote: "Jennie took good care of me up to the time of my death." A skilled will-watcher can pick out these obvious forgeries. But only photographic methods would have revealed the fraudulent raising of $5,000 to $505,000, which was picked up in a will last year.

The newest and most spectacular police weapon is the spectrograph—which takes pictures of the light rays given off by burning metals. This is how it works: A burglar cuts his way through a window screen, does his thieving and goes home. Later his pocketknife reveals a minute amount of metal dust. It is burned in the spectrograph and a photographic plate made of the light rays. Their wave length proves the dust to have been the same substance as the metal of the screen. Metal dust on the clothing of a suspected person may be the turning point in a case.

In the field of medicine, the camera has become a companion piece to the microscope and has carved for itself a niche in the medical hall of fame. Medical photography is now being used by a thousand physicians and medical researchers where one used it a few years ago. When Pasteur looked through his microscope at living bacteria, only he and his assistants could see what was happening in the world of tiny life at the other end of the microscope. If Lister in London wanted to know what was going on, he had to journey to France to look through the microscope for himself. Today scientific descendants of Pasteur attach cameras to the microscopes, peering through one eyepiece while the camera is aimed through another. When an event of importance occurs,

(Continued on page 27)

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Soft is the Strain

By Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The reaction of Miss Virginia Bailey when she realized her lover was faithless. A guide for every girl fortunate enough to love unwisely

ONE moment there'd been just Henry, who was reading his beautiful lines to her; the next moment Henry was kissing her and Mother walked into the room.

"Oh, my adored one!" he was murmuring, and the words weren't part of his sonnet: they were words for Jinny; *meant* for her—she could tell by his sensitive eyes.

Jinny had never been called "Oh, my adored one" by anybody. Most of the lads she knew called her "Schmaltz" or "Butch" when aroused. The effect, now, was disturbing; suddenly the little heap of kindling that had been accumulating through brief years under her heart sent up a puff and blazed.

So here she was enveloped in Henry's long arms, with her heart, now thoroughly frightened, banging like anything.

It must, she knew, look rather awful to Mother—like a kiss in a corny movie—because, at the moment of discovery, Jinny's fingers were where they'd longed to be for weeks: straying through the wavy black hair that adorned the back of Henry's distinguished neck.

Mother, who had never gasped anything in all the years Jinny had known her, least of all a "Virginia," gasped now. Over Henry's shoulder Jinny saw it. It was Henry's intensity and Henry's age that caused it.

Henry saw to things, though. He was that way—capable. At least in such delicate matters. He crossed swiftly to Mother's side, bent from the hips very smoothly and his drooping, wide shoulders were sort of hemming. Mother couldn't duck out before he lifted and kissed her uncertain hand.

"Forgiveness, Madam," he begged. "Jinny is so utterly lovely, and I—alas!—so alone."

He picked up his battered hat and bowed again toward Jinny with, oh, such deference. In a moment she could see him on the walk.

Mother spoke three times while Jinny's eyes followed him southward along Irving Place toward 14th Street until the twilight veils of August came between.

"Well!" Mother said when at last she captured some attention, "who is this 'Alas, I am alone'?"

Jinny knew very well that she'd do best to be casual and light and say offhandedly, "Oh . . . a man."

But there was too much risk in that. Her racketing heart might betray her and the statement sound altogether too much like: "Oh! *A man!*"

"Who is he?" asked Mother once more.

"He's Henry Sylvester Tremaine."

"Still," with persistence, "who *is* he?"

"Henry is a poet!" Pride marched to music in her tone.

"Heavens!" said Mother, sitting down on the piano bench with a positive thump. Mother, who was always so very graceful.

"Shall I get some salts?" offered Jinny with irony. "After all, darling, poets are people. And at my age *you* pitched a little woo."

"Not with the Ancient Mariner."

"Henry isn't ancient," Jinny snapped.

"Where did you meet such a person?"

HERE was a moment's triumph. "At your Beekman Union, Mother." Which was where Mother spent Daddy's absent months. She had rushed them back from the Cape, in fact, to get ready for Beekman's fall work. "I stopped by to see Miss Pender and told her that New York to me in August was a left-handed throw from death, and asked her if she had any writers who were looking for cheap typing—remember that secretarial hour you *insisted* that I take last year? Well, she gave me Henry. He was a client of mine."

"Was?" asked Mother hopefully.

"Well . . . he's hardly that . . . now."

"Jinny!"—in tones of horror; then abruptly: "What *is* his age?"

"Oh, twenty something," vaguely.

"He's the type who *would* try to conceal his years."

"Henry," Jinny stormed, "is not a type. Perhaps he does *appear* older. He has had a hard and bitter life—"

"Not with that satisfied mouth."

"Mother, you're being horrid." Jinny sighed wearily. "Let's not—please! This can go on and on. . . ."

"Oh, no, it can't," snapped Mrs. Bailey. "Not till your father comes home. And I doubt then if he'll permit it."

"Now just because Daddy's the rugged type who bellows around an oil field, and—"

"Your father never bellowed in his life. At any rate, you'll promise not to see him until after your father returns."

The small spirit of rebellion that was making a sort of Union Square out of Jinny's storm-swept young breast broke out a banner and a band.

"I cannot promise," she said, and knew it sounded silly and dramatic; nevertheless she *meant* it.

"Well! This *is* a serious thing. There's always Vermont, you know, Jinny."

"Sissy!" Jinny wanted to say. "You're scared. aren't you, without Daddy? Sending me up to Aunt Sue's!"

Aloud she said: "How Taftian! How quaint, to be *immured*. It's like an old-fashioned novel, isn't it? Please hand me my turret and moat."

"I shall, dear," said Mother sweetly, "when I put you on the ten o'clock tonight."

Jinny managed one hour out of the three that remained to her, an hour in which Mother thought her replenishing toiletries for the trip. A call to Henry's lodging house brought him to their own park bench, safely away from the apartment, under the guttering lights of Washington Square.

"It's all," Jinny told him, "for a principle," and wondered if he sensed her meaning.

He seemed to. He took her hand. "Sweet one, people have died for those—as we die a little in parting. I shall think of you upon that mountain farm. I here in this squalor."

"Oh, Henry," her sympathy was quick.

"But not for long, with good fortune. Do you remember Plutocrat's Daughter?"

"Of course. It was written about *me*. And I loved it," Jinny breathlessly said.

"It is entered for the Agincourt Prize. Five hundred dollars. In September."

"Henry! It will *win!* I feel it!"

"Will it? Ah, then we shall see if the world can put apart two"—Henry was nicely hesitant—"two people such as you and I. Meanwhile," he shrugged wearily, "there is only that nuisance—my rent."

Jinny was rifling her purse. Henry drew away painfully.

"Please," begged Jinny, "just this little, this *trifling*—"

Henry laughed. It was a short laugh, and bitter, and was followed by another of his shrugs. This one, however, was different: it dismissed all material thought. "Yes," he said again, "I shall think of you often and the light I have seen in your eyes. Tell me, lovely one, is it tenderness? And does it perhaps glow for me?"

"Oh, Henry. . . ." Jinny murmured somewhat brokenly.

She left behind a twenty-dollar bill.

IT WASN'T a mountain farm. It was a small place on a hill just out of Norford and it had been made surprisingly comfortable by the sister who had always stayed at home.

Aunt Sue was none of your maiden aunts who go to make up a bevy—she was sweet and solid, with comfortable ideas like: "Why don't you go and lie down?"

So Jinny lay down and suffered on the glider out under the elm trees, on her bed in the comfortable chamber looking out to the west and Champlain.

She'd begged Mother not to tell the reason for her visit over the telephone. "Just say I'm over-New-Yorked, not a case of thwarted young love. If she thinks I'm yearning, or anything, she'll be sure to have Elizabeth Arthur around. She thinks that Lizzie *knows*

"A little of me with each gallon," he said. "How much will you have?"

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things on account of that academy of hers."

Elizabeth Arthur was Miss Arthur of Miss Arthur's Academy for Young Ladies, which was a Norford prideful landmark, and its mistress a cultural local light.

Somewhere along in the twenties, thought Jinny, Lizzie might have got there, there being wherever she was going, only she'd missed the boat. She had the zeal of the stranded for any mast on the horizon. She was a nice old girl whose emotions were as colorful and as thin as a falling autumn leaf.

No. Jinny wanted solitude, and got it for ten days running, and accepted reproach from the cool green hills for Henry in the canyons of New York.

He wrote, "Do not languish. Find someone to laugh with—and play. Stay gay, my sweet, as I adore you. . . ."

Jinny read it and cried.

BUT crying, she decided, *was* languishing. And languishing was insidiously dangerous. That sour, wan expression that had come for a visit might remain.

She said, therefore, on the eleventh day, that she'd milk the cow, or wash dishes, or even help with the canning that looked frightful in all that steam. Aunt Sue said: "You can fill the car up. I'm driving down to Burlington today. You can come with me, if you'd like to. There's a Venoco Station in the square."

So in view of her mood, which was questing, and of Henry's letter, which had adjured her, and the day itself, which was lovely with a wind out of Canada blowing south and polishing the sky to blue brilliance with buffers of cottony clouds, she might have been quite receptive to the play the Venoco man made.

He was, however, too sure of it—too certain it was going to click. He came marching out of his station with a look even more alert than he'd learned in the book of instructions, and a grin that was cocked at ready and drawing a bead Jinny's way.

She made her face a blank target, but he fired the grin just the same.

He said: "You're Virginia Bailey. And your Aunt Sue hasn't been boasting. And I'm going to have lots of time for you now that the summer crowd's gone."

"What are you," asked Jinny coolly, "a sort of premium with your gas?"

"Sure! To my favorite customers." He waggled the hose at the tank. "A little of me with each gallon. Well? How much will you have?"

"Fill it up," said Jinny indifferently, but she watched him in the mirror overhead. He did have, well—something. A certain attractive style. Take him out of that denim and put him in slacks and a jacket and she'd met him all over the summer scene from Ogunquit in Maine to Cape Cod. With a slight difference, however. Take that short crop of hair. It didn't, as it did on most other men, make him all skull and ears. His jaw had a nice line of outgoing thrust, and it was neat, but not pugnacious. But none of these things, she reflected, could offset such insolent nerve.

He walked up forward still grinning and cradled the hose on the pump. "A dollar and ninety. That was ten. You've really bought quite a lot of me. How'll you have me? By the light of the sun or the moon?"

"There isn't," said Jinny, "an opening. However, you might leave your name."

"Jake," he said. "How's Friday? What're you doing then?"

"Nothing that you are," said Jinny and kicked at the starter hard.

He framed his face in the window. "I'll call for you just about noon."

"I wouldn't really if I were you." Jinny raised one slim, tanned arm for an idle pat at her hair. It brought her elbow a possible inch from the end of his rather nice nose. He went cross-eyed just like anyone.

IT WAS a lovely way to leave him and robbed him of any illusion that he might be smooth and masterful. She gave him a parting wave.

"Who's Jake?" she asked later, driving Aunt Sue home from Burlington.

"You mean Jackson Corliss. Jake's an awful nice boy. His whole family's nice for that matter; though goodness knows what would've happened if Jake hadn't quit Technology and come home when his father died. I could've helped him about getting the Venoco agency, I mean through your father, of course, but he got it with no help at all. . . ."

She rattled on endlessly. There were other things about Jake Corliss drawn from her store of minutiae. Jinny was remembering that grin.

She wrote that evening to Henry: "There's a boy here who *might* ease ennui. He's impossibly young and artless. . . ."

Artless was not the right word. She admitted that after noontime on Friday a thousand feet up. Artless men didn't fly airplanes—at least not as deftly as Jake.

Jinny had done transport flying, and some with a Princeton Junior who had tried to do things to her stomach and had wound up by ruining his own; but this was a little different, it was a comfortable, family kind of craft.

"I thought," Jake was telling her, "when I took the agency for these babies that there'd be a market of some kind. But Vermonters aren't having any airplanes just now, nor my flying service, it seems. All I've had so far is a trip down to Bellow's Falls. One of Lizzie Arthur's urchins gave infinite promise of pip and I flew her home so the academy wouldn't catch a quarantine card. Look, we're over Montpelier. Below is the center range."

The world was a tessellated lake bottom seen through limpid waters upon whose endless surface they plowed like a steady old seagoing scow.

"Could I sell you one?" Jake asked her. "Not this one. But they make a sweet sport job. I'm going to sell one to myself as soon as things start to pick up. No? Well, I always ask. It's all right. You never can tell who might buy. Tell me, do you like horse racing?"

"Adore it," said Jinny, who'd never seen one.

(Continued on page 24)

It must, she knew, look rather awful to Mother—like a kiss in a corny movie

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Reassurance for Londoners. These are spectators at a demonstration in which bombs burst against a gas- and fireproofed house

UNDERWOOD

The Lord will Provide for England

By Martha Gellhorn

They don't go in for imagination in England; it's improper if not downright alarmist. Gasproof homes and bombproof shelters are merely the new preoccupations of placid existence, and Air Raid Precautions on a national scale only a bit of insurance against the unthinkable emergency. "Everything's going to be all right," say our British friends as they prepare for the worst

WHEN you go to London you forget about war. Everything's the same. The high top-heavy busses rumble around with signs that extol laxatives and breakfast foods and inform you that a musical comedy called "No Sky So Blue" is terrific. The people press against an iron railing before a house in a fashionable square, watching the young ladies and gentlemen inside dance to the tune of an expensive jazz band. In Regent Street, the jewelers' shops seriously display diamond tiaras, which will be seriously bought and actually worn. At the Admiralty Arch, their faces green and violet in the electric light and the coming dawn, stand men and women waiting to get a doughnut and a cup of coffee from the Silver Lady, a charity food van that serves the homeless every day. Red-coated guards pose like wooden Indians before Buckingham Palace and the gentry, in glittering evening dress, stream down Piccadilly while it's still day, on their way to the theater. It's just as it always was. If you buttonholed every passer-by in Piccadilly Circus and asked: "Do you think there's going to be a war in Europe?" ninety out of every hundred would say, "No," first, and if they stopped to think about it, they'd probably say, "Well, not this year anyhow . . ."

England is prosperous, that's the thing to remember. Unemployment has dropped from 3,000,000 to 1,700,000. The great rearmament program gives direct employment to 600,000, which means that families are out shopping again. People have money for a glass of beer or two on Saturday night, and a movie; there are cricket matches to watch on Sunday. People have pretty good homes and the rents are not high; if you work you can eat three times a day. And if the great London press, which sets the tone for the nation—the Times and the Telegraph, the Mail and the Express—avoids scaring the readers and agrees heartily with the government policy, that helps to keep people calm too. The radio is also discreetly advised not to underline troublesome issues, so you never tune in to hear of danger: you tune in on news programs that are as neat and unexciting as the papers. And even the newsreels are trimmed, so that bombed China and bombed Spain are avoided, because the English public is not supposed to relish such horror.

It's all kept quiet, and you forget that across that choppy and uncomfortable Channel lies Europe, and you just think: I am in England, a fine green island, and everybody outside is a foreigner and very likely nasty, and here we'll tend to our own affairs, which means: Business as Usual.

Besides, England hasn't been invaded for a thousand years, and there is no terror to climb back into the memory of her people. In the last war, in all four years, there were only 1,414 people killed by aerial bombardment, and only 270 tons of bombs dropped on the whole country. For your information, it is estimated now that 200 tons of bombs could be dropped per day. And the English don't go in for imagination: imagina-

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Overhead roads such as this can simplify and expedite exit from London.

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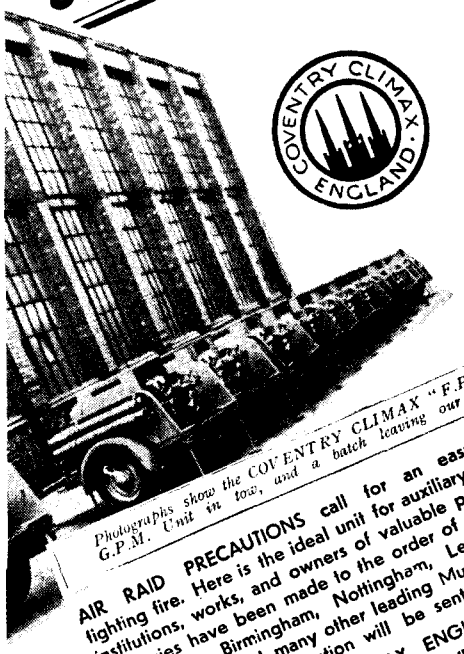

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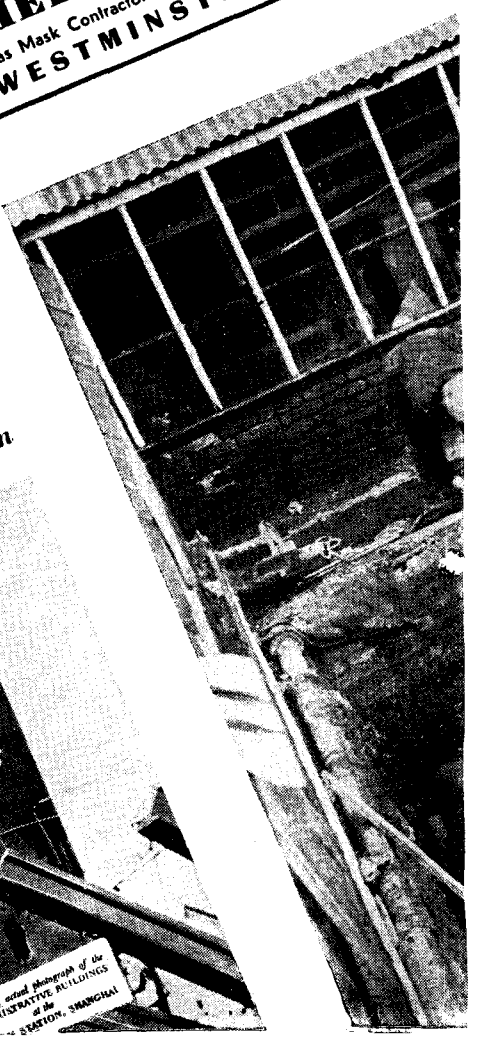

... HIT! ...

by a 1 ton high explosive bomb . .

but this reinforced concrete *building defied destruction*

From an actual photograph of the ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS *at the* STATION, SHANGHAI

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Decontamination squads will rush to wash the streets of deadly gas after an air raid. Here's one waiting to see where the bombs will drop during an air-raid rehearsal in London

tion is considered to be improper if not downright alarmist.

There is a subway stop in London that rejoices in the name of Elephant and Castle. You buy your ticket and take a moving staircase deep down into the earth to the lowest tunnel, and wait on the platform for the train. All this time you (but only you) are thinking what sturdy bombproof cellars these subway stations make. As each stop comes, more people get out, until finally there are only poor people left. The Elephant and Castle station is in a slum packed with small dark factories: no one would go there for pleasure.

I was looking for Blackfriars Street, and a meeting I never found. The workers of that neighborhood were, supposedly, going to get together and talk about the danger of war, and I thought it would be a relief to see some other folk as worried as I. I walked down many streets, all stony and treeless, between the two-story houses that look painfully alike. In all the windows were shabby lace curtains, and against the light you could see from time to time a man or woman silhouetted, bent over a washbowl, or stretching and yawning, ready for sleep after a hard day. Children played noisily in the streets on homemade scooters, and it was as hot as Marseilles. The wrestling hall where the meeting was held was deserted, and finally, tired of walking about this barren place under the pale night sky, I stopped in at the Friar's Snack Bar.

And Nobody Ever Wonders

It was a small dirty room with a wooden bar and a smell of fried fish, and crowded with the men from the neighborhood. They were talking of the Schmeling-Louis fight. A fat pink boy named Basil burst in and ordered soda pop and started a whole new train of thought by calling for bets on greyhound racing. "What we're interested in, Miss," a man explained, "is the fights, a bit of dog racing and a bit of horse racing." This man, the wit of the crowd, stated that he had done two years and fifty-four days of the last war. "I remember it," he said. "All those bits of iron flying about, it fair gives me nightmares now."

"Do you know Robert Taylor, Miss?" asked a young man who had just parked his bicycle outside.

I said I was sorry but I didn't.

"Hey, get back to politics." This was an errand boy talking. "I like discussing politics meself."

"America's a silly kind of country, ain't it," said Basil. "Anyone can carry firearms, can't they? We read all about it in American detective magazines."

And then, finally, wistfully, a thin boy in a mechanic's suit said: "Is it true you kin earn $2,000 a week in America just repairing radios in your spare time . . . ?"

But no one had said anything about a future war; no one had said anything about Spain or Austria or China; no one had wondered about the $1,715,000,000 that's going into the English rearmament program this year. No one said: what are we going to do with the guns and the planes and the tanks and the destroyers, when we get them?

I began to think, after a time, that anxiety was a luxury belonging exclusively to politicians. At least they talked about war in the House of Commons, and for once you didn't feel that the

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The Army's famous 3.7 antiaircraft gun is England's most potent weapon against air raids. At left, an English garden is being transformed into a gas- and bombproof shelter for its owners

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The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ENGLAND lies in the shadow of impending war. Her enemies will strike as soon as they are confident that she is too weak to parry the blow. They believe she is weak, but they do not know how weak, and they must know beyond doubt. Their boldest and subtlest agents are busy in London, buying and stealing information.

Entrusted with the difficult and dangerous task of countering enemy intrigue is Admiral Guy Cheshire, chief of British Naval Intelligence. Already Cheshire has discovered a leak in his own office, which has brought about the suicide of Captain Geoffrey Rawson. Involved with Rawson is Commander Ronald Hincks. But there are extenuating circumstances in this case, and Cheshire spares Hincks, for whom he has a special use.

When Cheshire learns that Sabine, beautiful Italian wife of his friend Henry D. Prestley, the American banker, has been transmitting naval documents to her former country, he forces her to continue her activities—but he himself supplies falsified documents to her. Later, Sabine's lovely young sister, the Countess Elida, takes her sister's place in the dangerous intrigue. From Hincks, Cheshire learns that a certain Henry Copeland, identified as a receiver of stolen documents, is in reality a man named Florestan.

Meanwhile, in the West Kensington district of London, Horace Florestan sits at dinner with his family. Presently he goes to answer the telephone and vanishes as if by magic. His wife tells police that Florestan has no enemies, expected no call. Next morning, Florestan's car is found outside a hospital, without a driver and with a sole passenger—Sir Theodore Meldicott, powerful munitions magnate—shot through the chest and now on the point of death.

Cheshire himself directs the search for Florestan. Mrs. Florestan, poised and indifferent, says her husband is away frequently on business, but she is positive that upon this day he will be home for dinner. Talking with Mr. Brown, partner in the trading firm where Florestan is employed, Cheshire learns only that Florestan is a salesman of fabulous ability, and occupies a position of peculiar trust.

That night Cheshire calls again at the Florestan home. While he chats with the inscrutable Mrs. Florestan, a key turns in the front door. Florestan enters blandly, dismisses his wife and draws a gun. An accomplice of Florestan's appears and warns him that a shot will attract attention. Florestan lowers the gun. Cheshire turns his head to examine the newcomer, feels Florestan's fingers at his throat, and loses consciousness.

V

IT WAS some hours later when, against all the laws of probability, Cheshire opened his eyes. The rush of returning life into his veins was so overwhelming that he very nearly collapsed again. He was a strong man, however, and his subconscious struggle for existence conquered. He knew now what had happened—what was happening all around him. The floor was covered with fragments of smashed glass from the window behind his head and fresh air was flowing around him—marvelous elixir to a man already three parts comatose from suffocation.

He tried to rise and felt the agony of the cords that bound his limbs. He abandoned the struggle and stared in front of him. Slowly descending some rickety steps was Rosa, the maid of all work. She held in her hand a hammer; her tousled fair hair and huge bang were blown this way and that by the current of wind blowing through the place. She came slowly across to him, still swinging the hammer. He shivered with every step she took. She looked down at him with a grin.

"Still alive, eh, Mr. Policeman?" she asked.

He opened his lips to speak but his tongue was too dry and the roof of his mouth seemed on fire. He tried to nod but his head was rigid.

"Open your mouth," she ordered. He obeyed. She tilted the jug. Soon he was spluttering and choking

"Looks as though you were about done for," she remarked. "Hold on," she added quite unnecessarily. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

She opened a door. Soon he heard another glorious sound—the sound of running water. She reappeared with a jug and dropped on one knee by his side.

"Open your mouth," she ordered.

He obeyed. She tilted the jug. Soon he was spluttering and choking, almost drowned in the wonder of this new and marvelous sensation. A few drops were trickling down his throat. Soon it went more easily. She drew back, and Cheshire found his voice.

"Cut—" he begged, "cut this cord."

"I should say so," she replied. "I've begun — I may as well go through with it."

She disappeared and returned in a moment with a huge carving knife in her hand. He made a little grimace as she bent over him.

"Don't you be afraid," she continued soothingly. "I'll be careful. I'll begin down by your ankles. Close your eyes, if you don't like the sight of the knife. Look at my hands. I am as strong as an ox. The knife won't slip."

There was just a moment when life seemed to be ebbing away again, the shock, perhaps, of that first realization of freedom. Then the blood began to flow once more in his veins. Soon he was sitting up, supported by her arm. He tried to scramble to his feet and she only saved him from falling with an effort. She dragged him a little way and propped him against the wall.

"I'll see if that old devil has left the brandy," she said.

She was gone a couple of minutes. When she returned she was carrying a tumbler and a bottle. She went back to the tap and poured in some water, then she added the brandy.

"Drink it slowly," she warned him.

He drank it—slowly at first, then there was a long and beautiful gulp.

"LOOK here," he muttered, "I don't know much about you, Rosa, but you have saved my life."

"You were pretty well gone," she admitted.

"Where's Florestan?"

She grinned.

"Hiding somewhere, I reckon. He won't come back here."

"And the other man?"

"He's gone, too."

"What made you come?" he asked.

"You stop asking questions," she enjoined. "I may be a bad lot like those two but I'm no killer. I left them—never mind where—and I took a bus at the corner. They think I've gone home for the night. Another thing they thought is that no one could get into this house. They forgot the coal cellar!"

"I thought you looked a bit grimy," he remarked.

She nodded.

"That's the way I came in," she explained. "When I put my head in here I was pretty well pegged out. There was a little draft from the door there so I fetched a hammer and broke a window. Then I turned the light on and I saw you. I reckon you didn't know what you were up against when you came here to tackle the old man."

"Who is he? What's he up to?"

"Not my business. I'll tell you this,

(Continued on page 31)

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Club Man

By O. B. Keeler

AUTOFOTOS

(Bobby Goldman in back) with Charlie Yates, who is again a strong contender for the U. S. Amateur golf title

The story of young Mr. Charlie Yates, who grew up in the right neighborhood to become a great golfer—and made the most of it

IT WAS the afternoon of July 2, 1926, and a small boy was rather more than edging his way into the fringe of a group in front of a battery of cameras, on the broad stairway up to the portal of New York's city hall.

"Hold on, buddy," a policeman said. "You don't belong in that picture."

The kid looked up at the big cop and grinned. He pulled into view the left lapel of his jacket. Adorning it was a huge button with the legend, "Welcome, Bobby Jones."

"I'm on the committee," he explained. "I reckon I do belong in the picture."

The cop grinned in turn.

"Sure you do," he agreed. "Get on over there with you!"

And Charlie Yates of Atlanta, twelve years old, got into the picture along with Bobby Jones, just returned to this land with the British Open Golf Championship; and Mayor Jimmy Walker, waiting at the city hall to greet him; and no small part of a trainload of Atlantans, who met him, with the ticker tape flying and a million New Yorkers cheering, that July afternoon in 1926.

A dozen years later, Charlie Yates barges into the picture again, standing tall and straight and smiling before the cameras at Pier 90. But instead of a button on his lapel he was holding in his arms the biggest of all the golf trophies —the old cup emblematic of the British Amateur Championship.

Charlie Yates now was twenty-four years old, and much had happened since that [illegible] with his father and a number of Atlantans to Baghdad on the subways to sail to the earliest hero of [illegible] childish fancy.

In those dozen years Charlie Yates had scrambled through a lot of kid golf, good enough to play on the golf team of Boys' High School in Atlanta, and later at Georgia Tech of which outfit he was captain through three successful years. He had played in six United States Amateur Championships and two National Opens. He had won the National Intercollegiate and the Western Amateur—but never his own tough Southern. And in the big ones something always had happened.

Quite a lot had happened to Charlie in the previous dozen years, before his memorable first journey to New York. He was born in Fourth Street, deep in Atlanta, September 9, 1913, and he was extremely left-handed, which, paradoxically enough, is assumed to be a prime asset or advantage to anyone playing golf right-handedly. Two years later the Yates family moved out to within a niblick pitch of the third green of the old course at East Lake. Six years ago the family moved again to a habitat completely surrounded by East Lake Golf.

This location of residence, incidentally, now is accepted by many persons as a prime and logical reason for Charlie Yates' success in golf.

Alexa Stirling, the great little redhead who won the Women's National three times in succession, lived a short pitch from the main gateway of the East Lake Country Club. Bobby Jones, who won thirteen major championships, including the Grand Slam of 1930, at the age of six lived just across the road, and then his family moved squarely into the golf course. And now Charlie has added the seventeenth major golfing title to the East Lake score—a record not nearly approached by the golfing members of any other club in America. It seems there's something about old East Lake. Golfers, certainly.

Like Topsy, the kid just growed, in golf. Charlie seems to have had his own ideas concerning the way to get a golf ball into a little round hole, employing a rough and ready system and playing with moderate success in the junior events—a tough little competitor.

He played on the Boys' High team of which his buddy, Berrien Moore, Jr., was captain and the best golfer; and they went together to Georgia Tech; and it was at this juncture that George Sargent came into Charlie's life and more specifically into his golf.

Sargent started life as an Englishman, at Epsom Downs, and his own golfing career began and was molded under the great Harry Vardon, master stylist of the pre-Jones era. George came to be professional at East Lake in 1932 and naturally encountered Charlie; and he was so shocked and impressed by the Yates swing that he made a lot of motion pictures of it and studied them until he could almost believe his own eyes.

Great with the Wrong Swing

George's theory is that Charlie's original and infantile objection to a conversion from the southpaw style was reversed with such a terrific emphasis that, by the time Charlie came under the Sargent observation, he was the right-handedest right-hand swinger the world has ever seen. Certainly that George had ever seen.

"The true golfing method," says George, "is left-side control, right down to and including the putt. Charlie was employing the right-side to a degree that made his rather decent game possible only through one of the finest pairs of legs in this world; legs like those of a track man."

Well, George Sargent, possibly after sitting down and weeping all to himself, set out to do something about it. And when Charlie, now known to his mates at Tech as Old Bucket Head, went to the Southern Amateur at Birmingham, that early summer of 1932, he was employing the Sargent drag back and its concomitants in a swing that looked even weirder than before.

Charlie's first public performance of the revised swing at Birmingham was spectacular but unsuccessful, and then he went to Five Farms for the first of his six shots (to date) at the United States Amateur. And now the queer-looking swing was getting in the groove, and Charlie knocked off a 72 the first qualifying day. The kid had a swing, now. He had something on the golf course besides an indomitable fighting spirit and a personality that from the first endeared him to partners and adversaries, and caddies and galleries and golf writers. For there's always been something about this new British champion from Atlanta, Ga., since the days when he played golf with one leg of his knickers always down to the ankle and his shirttail hanging out. There's just something the crowd loves.

He's a D'Artagnan of golf, this Yates boy; and, lacking an orange-hued nag for the road to his earlier adventures, consider for example his first expedition after winning the National Intercollegiate at Cleveland in 1934.

Attending the National Intercollegiate as a representative of Georgia Tech, Charlie, of course, had a modest quota of expense funds. So he invested $86.50 in a fourth-hand car, dubbed The Steamer because it steamed all the time; allied himself with two robustious and hard-hitting Westerners, Messrs. Maury Hankinson and Walter (Doc) Emery, and set out for their home town, Oklahoma City, to play in the Western Amateur. . . .

Zell Eaton won the tournament, and Charlie was beaten in a terrific battle, one up, by Spec Goldman, the Texan; and Charlie had a great time and sold The Steamer for $90, and bought day-coach transportation for himself back to Atlanta, where the Tech athletic authorities were wondering why—and how—he had gotten so far away from Cleveland, Ohio.

Then the next year, again attending the National Intercollegiate, at Washington, D. C., and failing to defend his

(Continued on page 43)

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Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNA BRADFORD, returning home after two years of travel, finds that her father, President Bradford, of Morrison University, is the victim of a scurrilous attack launched by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner has political ambitions.

As hostess at various university functions, Susanna meets young Professor Carl Gilson, prepossessing instructor, whose reputation as a brilliant sociologist is surpassed only by his reputation as a philanderer. Susanna finds herself very responsive to his charm. But she is disconcerted when she also encounters Alec Cornish assigned to the university on a government research project. Six years before, while they were both undergraduates, Susanna had married Alec! Their brief, unhappy marriage terminated in a quiet divorce, and since then, Susanna has tried to erase from her memory every vestige of that disastrous experience. She has never revealed her marriage to anyone. She is appalled then to receive, soon after, a threatening anonymous letter, which seems to refer, in guarded terms, to knowledge of her marriage. She realizes that exposure, at this crucial time, would make effective ammunition for her father's enemies.

Meanwhile, Emery Smith, brilliant young editor of the college daily, confides to Betty Stevens, attractive young coed, that he suspects Maxie Blotz, proprietor of Tetlow Inn, a popular student rendezvous, of being a racketeer, in the employ of Zimmerman. Later, at the inn, Emery and Betty meet Susanna and Alec, who have met to discuss some arrangement for concealing their former relationship. While they are there, a fight takes place in the bar, and the two couples, to avoid unfavorable publicity, flee. Later, Emery informs Alec that he has discovered that Bill Snelling, a reporter stationed on the campus presumably to cover sports events, is in reality another agent for Zimmerman, and that he believes both Snelling and Blotz are there to foster a scandal that can be used to the detriment of Susanna's father.

Soon after that, Susanna, who has been seeing Carl Gilson frequently, receives another anonymous letter warning her to keep away from Gilson. Determining to flaunt her defiance of such underhanded threats, she arranges to meet Gilson where everyone on the campus can observe them! Meanwhile, Betty Stevens realizes that her roommate, talented Julie Lomax, star in the college's forthcoming varsity show, is in the midst of a serious love affair with Gilson. The campus reeks with sub-rosa scandal and mystery. How long before it is discovered?

III

THE air was damp and unseasonably warm for the first week of December and black clouds massed low over the prairies made the afternoon prematurely dark. The suspended storm, the violence about to break, seemed to Susanna altogether appropriate. It was quite true that she was walking along the west bank of Shagbark Pond because on Wednesdays Carl Gilson came home from his seminar at about this hour. For the first time it was not Carl who was arranging an accidental meeting.

How was she to understand herself? There was no knowing how much of the current that ran so strongly in her originated in Carl himself, how much in the persecution he was undergoing that roused her protectiveness, and how much in the little shack on Shagbark Creek where Alec Cornish was a symbol of an old mistake. Did it matter? However contradictory, she was at last, after paralyzed years, vibrant with feeling.

Her father had answered her with the curtness he kept for official secrets when, ever so cautiously, she had tried to find out what he thought of the conflict in the sociology department. A college president, he said, must rely on the decisions of his deans and department heads. She wanted to loose her anger at the injustice of the system, the helplessness of its victim, but that would be telling him more than she was ready for him to know.

Dean Hannan had been blunter. "You're getting interested in that young man, Susanna." He wearily polished his half-moon glasses. "I hear about you. Do you suppose others will not hear too?"

"You see," she said scornfully, "the dean doesn't have to watch out for me; I'm not an undergraduate. Do you suppose I'm afraid of people talking?"

The dean looked at her impersonally, much too deliberately. "No one who knows you would be fool enough to caution you. . . . Sometime ask yourself who may profit from the talk."

Was she to deny the knowledge of her own heart because people would say that Carl was using the president's daughter for his own protection? Carl had warned her that they would say it. He had even said that it was partly true. His attitude throughout had been scrupulously honest—and a challenge that she proudly answered. . . . She saw him coming through the gathering murk, and at once nothing mattered except the warmth that flowed over her.

"But our roles have been reversed," Carl said, taking her arm, and Susanna said, "I'm a shameless wench, I'm lying in wait for you." They turned away from the pond to where Faculty Drive curved up the rising ground. His was the last house at the north end, a small Cape Cod cottage that was part of a college-owned development. Carl took some letters from the mailbox, opened the door, and said, "This has always been called Honeymoon Cottage. No doubt I shouldn't mention that for a while yet."

A MAN'S house, obviously kept in order by one of the part-time housekeepers who flourished along Faculty Drive, but pleasantly shadowed by discreet lamps. The gas grate that he lighted was a disappointment, and Susanna began to reconstruct the room round a real fireplace, then fled from the idea and hoped that no flush showed on her cheeks. Carl got a bottle of sherry and they sat sipping it, talking desultorily, then fell silent. The snuffling gas fire was hypnotic, and Carl was an intimate presence, intuitively silent. Why, she thought, this has gone farther than anyone could have foreseen! At once a terrible necessity took hold of her. She went cold with the thought, but there was no evading it.

"Carl!" she said. He looked at her. She avoided his urgent eyes, turning the thin glass in her hand. "Carl . . . I'm not what I seem to be."

"Not the most desirable woman in the world, Ann? Well, somewhere there may be one more beautiful, but it must be in someone's poetry."

She made a convulsive movement with one hand. "Years ago I was married. I was nineteen. At Smith." Tears stung her eyes, the familiar tremors traveled along her legs, and her basic reticence was broken at last. "It was a secret. Oh, furtive and shameful and a mistake from the beginning. So it came to nothing. Just that spring. And the next summer I got a divorce. That was a secret too. Nobody has ever known. Only—now—you. That"—her voice broke—"that's everything about me. That's what has been wrong always. That's why I've hated myself."

She sat trembling, not daring to meet his eyes—but she was honest at last, and if a moment ago she thought they had gone far, they had gone farther now. He stood up. He must not touch her—not yet, not yet! He didn't: he was too wise. He said, above her bent head, "You poor child!" For a moment his hand did rest on her shoulder, but only for a moment. He went back to his chair. "It's a bitter story, Ann. You must have hurt like hell for years. . . . There was no need to tell me. . . . You were wrong about what you seem—even in poetry no one could be lovelier."

Overwhelming gratitude possessed

Bill Snelling didn't look pretty when mad. "Any tank-town high school could beat this sheet," he roared. "I don't like it—or fat boys that get in the way"

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her. If from those darkly rumored relationships with other women he had learned this sureness of sympathy, then she owed them an immeasurable debt. They looked at each other, half the room apart, and when she had told him that, when she had had to tell him that, then there could be no going back. Her lips curved to a smile, and he smiled too. "I must go," she said, and he whispered, "Don't go!" and their eyes held. A few minutes longer then, an indulgence before the fire. "Then read your mail, my dear," she said. He said, "It's hard to travel as slowly as you told me to," and picked up the mail.

She watched him through a misty tenderness. She saw him start, scowl, flush, and crumple a letter in his hand. Even as she said, "What is it, Carl?" she knew what it was. Her heart was pounding before he got to his feet, flung out his hands, and said, "A damned impertinence!" He moved to throw the letter on the fire, then turned to her, crying, "Have nothing to do with me, Ann!" He held it out to her, and it was the same fine slanting penmanship, the same paper, the same slime. Left-handed, she crazily remembered, Alec had said left-handed:

"You cannot save yourself at Morrison by making love to Susanna Bradford. Your attentions to her are one more disgusting episode in your disreputable career. But this time you have gone too far. Cease seeing her at once, or the indignation of decent people will see to it that you are ruined forever and driven out in disgrace."

"There are worse blackguards than I!" he said furiously. "Then, whoever he is, he's right. I'm poison to you—a disgrace. We must stop seeing each other."

For a moment they faced each other with stricken eyes; the moment snapped off short and she was in his arms. Time disappeared, then came slowly back, and they could draw apart to arm's length, hands clinging. If all of her was in her eyes, as all of her must be, she could look no more triumphant than he. Time flickered out again. . . . How long had the doorbell been ringing?

Carl swore. "At this moment!" It went on ringing. "Be quiet. . . . I won't go." She whispered, "You must," and swiftly made order of her hair. He went out and she stood trying to quiet her tumult. She heard him exclaim sharply, his voice angry. Someone kept insisting that he must come in. Susanna seized her hat and put it on, telling herself to be an actress now, if ever. But the dullest fool on earth could see. She looked in the mirror. Oh, any fool could see!

Carl came in, his face dark with rage, his eyes flashing her some kind of warning. A tall, sallow, cadaverous man with thick spectacles followed him, and Carl said gratingly, "Miss Bradford, Mr. Snelling." She said, "How do you do?" aloofly and, proud of her calm, turned to Carl. "I've stayed too long, Dr. Gilson." His eyes praised her, he said, "I may phone you this evening," and, on the way to the door, contrived to whisper, "Nothing matters now, Ann, nothing can touch us after this."

THEY had been so absorbed in the lamplit room that they had not heard the storm breaking. Rain was falling torrentially, blown in sheets by a fierce wind. She plunged into it, still exalted by that triumphant moment in his arms. Nothing matters now, nothing but this! Exaltation lasted as far as Shagbark Creek but as she crossed the bridge the thought of that vile letter stopped her short. First she and now Carl! Panic swirled in her—who was obscenely watching them? What could be done?—and an actual nausea gripped her, her stomach crawling with disgust and fear.

A gust of wind turned her half around; she had to lean into it to walk at all. Her shoes were sodden, her legs drenched to the knees; her skirt was clinging to her, her thin jacket too. But this was a torrent, a cloudburst! She began to shiver uncontrollably. Nerves, not cold, just nerves! Was she going to faint? She damned herself for hysteria and began to sob.

Someone splashed past her in the dark, then came back—and Alec Cornish had her by the arm, saying, "Suzanne! What are you doing out in this?" She gripped him with both hands. "I'm crying! I can't stop!" He said, "Why are you dressed like that?" He dropped his brief case, stripped off his raincoat, and folded it round her. "Carl Gilson got a letter like mine," she managed to say. He roared, "I don't care if the world is ending, you've got to get out of the rain," impelling her up the dark path. Some strength from his hard forearm was communicated to her and she stopped sobbing. *(Continued on page 39)*

He would not let her speak but poured her a drink of whisky. He said, "Drink it all, Suzanne"

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They saw the engine, tilted oddly to one side, and the men clustered around it. Mike was there

A Job for a Man

By John Hawkins

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE
BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Strong men have to take chances. Their wives live the anxiety of ever-possible tragedy

SHE said, "But a jetty, Mike? What is a jetty?"

"A jetty's a sort of trestle." Mike stood beside the table, frowning down at the telegram that had just come. The quiet laughter had gone out of his eyes, and his brown face had an odd, numbed look. He was big, really big, with an unruly shock of dusty hair, and broad square hands. And his mind—they had laughed about that—was crowded with trigonometric functions, with tables and numbers as dry and as dusty as his hair.

She touched his arm. "Yes, Mike?"

"Oh . . . ? It's a trestle that runs out into the ocean." He forced a grin and searched for words that would give her a picture of the job. Words that she, not knowing construction, or engineering, or anything at all about his work, would understand.

And in the end he said nothing, for she was looking up at him, asking, "Why, Mike?"

"I'll guess with you. I thought we'd get the bridge."

He couldn't lie. He hadn't learned, for never before had his crisply logical mind seen a reason. He flushed now and said, "Remember Ned Galloway? The tall bald man? He was at the wedding."

"Yes?"

"Ned had the south jetty, Helen." Mike's voice was soft. "He's got tangled up in an accident."

"Do you get the bridge when Ned comes back?"

"He won't be back. The accident was a bad one."

That was all Mike said, but it was enough. She knew then that Galloway wouldn't laugh again. . . . He had been killed, and they were sending Mike to take his place!

Fear came with her indrawn breath, bright fear that went back to the day, three years before, when she'd heard the newsboys calling: "Ten Killed in Tunnel Cave-In!" Mike's name hadn't been in the printed list. He had been waiting for her at the boardinghouse, and he had grinned through a swath of white bandage and said: "Another two feet and I'd have been in the clear."

That fear had gone, in an uprush of thankfulness, but she had known then that Mike's wife would know fear often. She had known, too, that she would be Mike's wife. . . .

THEIR honeymoon was three days old when the telegram came. Mike was going back to replace a man who had smiled and laughed with her. A man who had been killed.

Mike turned from the window, now, his big shoulders bent, his mouth set. "I'm sorry, Helen, that it had to be this way. I hate it too, but the job has to be finished."

"I know, Mike." She smiled wanly, pushed the fear far back in her mind. "Tell me about the jetty."

"Sure." He tried to explain, and got lost in man-hours, tonnage, sway braces, and bents. He grinned finally, and said, "It's a big job, Helen. I'll show you what it's like."

He did, a week later, taking her out over the lagoon where the water lay blue and quiet beneath the clacking wheels of the speeder. Through the switches at Sand, and past the shops. Around a curve, and then he touched her shoulder. "Look, Helen."

She saw the jetty. Narrow and grimy, it stretched away ahead of them, through the slow beat of the surf and into the hazy distance. A trestle, just as he'd said, but banked high with huge boulders of some gray rock.

Mike said, "They're driving out front."

She followed his pointing hand and saw the smudge of black smoke that lay against the distant sky.

"Why does it have to be so long?" she asked.

Mike talked as the speeder clattered seaward. "The rock's the thing. We build the trestle just to have a way to get the rock in place, and every winter the sea wrecks the trestle. The rock makes a false riverbank, so that the river carries its load of silt out past the bar. That let's the big ships into the river." Mike was standing up, his big body

(Continued on page 44)

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The Hartmans, Grace and Paul, top ballroom dancers, have put the skids under Hauteur and Glamor, stock in trade in the ballroom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

IN a world where most things are cockeyed and nothing quite what it seems, Paul and Grace Hartman have concocted a unique brand of goofiness. Top ballroom dancers themselves, they take ballroom dancing with all its romance and glamor and give it the razzberry. At the same time they make a little magic, kid that, too, and stir together with broad comedy. The net result is something hilarious.

Swank night-club proprietors shudder at the thought of offering comedy dancers to their classy clientele. But they jump at the chance to pay the Hartmans $2,500 a week. They list them as their biggest drawing card in times when it's a gift to be able to turn cynical smiles into loud guffaws, and wry expressions into unrestrained belly laughs.

The Hartmans come onto the floor, dancing straight, very correct, and elegant. Paul, blond, slender. Immaculate in his Saville Row tails, he makes a suave background for redheaded Grace in the latest Chanel model. Whether you've seen them before or not makes little difference. They always fool you by their utter grace. It's a shock when things suddenly go haywire. Nor is the band putting on an act when it doubles up with laughter.

Suddenly something happens. Grace has slipped. Paul is desperately trying to act as though everything were quite all right. The atmosphere grows tense. Their eloquent expressions become more set, but the embarrassment they feel is obvious. Visiting firemen in the audience look at one another, worried. How come this couple is dancing at such a big-time place?

But everything seems all right now. To Midnight Madonna the Hartmans are dancing a silvery intricate pattern. No effort at all. Marvelously smooth, their pantherlike grace reminds you of Velos and Yolanda.

In a breakaway Grace goes to the wrong side of the dance floor, bangs, head on, into her partner. Paul's knees practically fold, and his legs seem made of rubber. But they're on balance again. (Before they became so swank they often fell down flat on their backs.) Now the music trails off—the musicians can't play for laughing. Paul tries to retain a kind of mad dignity as he continues to dance, half guiding, half pulling Grace along with him. Their faces express polite agony. Even so, she may suddenly wobble on one spike heel. Then she makes a valiant effort to save Paul from further embarrassment, and in trying to appear nonchalant raises one hand with a graceful gesture—and whacks him in the eye. By the time he's recovered (still dancing), she's slithered off somewhere, her slight chiffon train caught fantastically over her head, flapping about her face. A sickly, worried expression comes into Paul's eyes. Dashing after her, he picks her from the floor, catch-as-catch-can. The crowd roars, for her posterior, outlined piquantly in brief chiffon panties, is in full view. Slapstick humor becomes almost delicate as Paul protectingly covers her with the large ostrich fan to which, somehow, she has clung during the mix-up.

But what now? The band is playing a bolero and they go into it like a whirlwind. A couple of whirlwinds, hanging on by their eyelashes, kidding the gathering passion of this dance. It looks as though any moment Grace may be in your lap. Just when you're sure something awful is going to happen they quiet down. Still dancing, Paul picks a large bouquet from the air with a casual gesture. Grace, all smiles, takes the flowers, is about to throw a blossom to an admirer when bang! they've disappeared. Paul has taken a toy gun and shot them back into nothingness.

If they feel in fine fettle, they will try to pull their rope trick.

(Continued on page 30)

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Soft is the Strain

Continued from page 14

"Good. We'll go to Suffolk Downs."

At half past two, with the plane checked in and a taxi trip behind them, they were seated at a table on the veranda of the clubhouse at Suffolk Downs.

There'd been garden peas and lamb chops and fragile shoestring potatoes. At the moment there were Marshfield strawberries immersed in a bath of yellow cream.

Jinny bit into one and said: "You certainly get your women around."

"Well, at least I get 'em. Are you having any horses? They're parading now for the third race."

JINNY looked down at the crowd, at the white-rimmed oval of café au lait and the incongruous oil tanks beyond.

Jake said: "I like Patricia. She's two to one on the tote board. Nice conservative betting. Here, have a look at the card."

Jinny was going to say: "All right," and give him two dollars and feign interest, when her eyes were arrested by a name on the card.

"Oh!" thrilled Jinny. "Here's one: Lonely Bard. See? Number eight."

"Hunch?" Jake asked.

"*Rather!*"

"You'd better hedge on my horse."

Jinny had a five-dollar bill out. "How do you play this to win the most?"

"Right on the nose," Jake told her. "But look, Bard's at ten to one. Who ever heard of that turtle?"

"Right on the nose, Jake," she said.

Jake departed for the windows with a backward look that was dubious.

For a moment, there, while they were running, it was the dear old home in Kentucky with auctioneer's hammer on the furniture and the family out on the lawn.

Lonely Bard was Henry with all of the world against him, and Jinny was booting him down the stretch with each bang of her jumping heart.

"A turtle who stuck his neck out!" That was Jake yelling beside her; and: "Pardon me," when it was quieter, "while I go and bag a few bucks."

He gave her fifty-two dollars and some odd pieces of silver and then looked a trifle shamefaced as he showed her his other hand.

"It was the light in your eyes that did it. And I never play hunches—never! Least of all a lady's. Let's leave while our luck's running good."

They drifted down through the swarm while Jake kept saying she was crazy if she thought that they wouldn't go places after a killing like that. He said that he'd wire Iggy, his ground crew from the farm next his airfield, to pick out a landing for them with the lights of Jake's car and his truck.

"Besides, there's a moon and clear weather. He'll hear us come over the town."

They ferried, in preference to the tunnel, and walked through Little Italy up Hanover Street to old Scollay Square and down Tremont to a commons bench.

Boston has a charm that survives even in hot September. They sat there facing the frog pond and talked, discussing the merits of swing. Comparatively all swing had merit. Jinny liked Goodman's stuff.

Jake said he'd take a sweeter dish. She called him a taffy hound. Sure, he admitted, but he'd show her what he meant. They'd go to the Westminster Roof.

First, though, they rode on the swan boats over in the public gardens. For, as Jake said, who ever came down from Vermont and didn't ride around once?

At half past six they were dancing, which was early, but which gave them seclusion under a pale blue evening sky with the lights coming on down below.

The music *was* sweet. She admitted it. And she was just thinking, too, that Jake was, when all of a sudden it happened. They were drifting in a corner quite alone.

THE brass had been put in the ice chest to cool and the strings were crying about it while the reeds moaned a soft concurrent plaint—a song with a smooth, sweet sock.

". . . but I can dream . . . ?" asked a lilting voice.

Jinny knew it was coming then. It was in his arms she first felt it. Then she looked up in his eyes. The genial mask had dropped away and something quite poignant looked through.

" . . . can't I . . . ?" Jake was completing the phrase; his voice had a nice clear note. Jinny said: "Please, Jake, let's go and sit down."

They returned to their table. Jake said: "Well? I can take it. What's the guy's name?"

Jinny told him all about Henry and the jam and why she was in Vermont.

"You're not going to be *married?*"

Jinny said: "I really don't know." She went on then to tell of the Agincourt Prize and the struggle that was Henry's life, and if he won it—"well . . . we haven't made plans."

"Is he a *good* poet?" Jake asked.

"The best," said Jinny; and, "Oh, Jake," she went on, "I feel *awful,* I've had so much fun, while Henry—well, he's probably hungry tonight and alone in that furnished room."

"Well, what the heck," Jake answered and gave her a funny look. "You won fifty dollars on Lonely Bard and the wires still run to New York. If he needs fresh air and pretty good food send him the bucks to come up. My mother will take an odd boarder."

"Oh, Jake!" breathed Jinny. "Dare I?"

"Well," Jake challenged, "why not?"

They left for the telegraph desk.

He said over Littleton Commons with the sky glow from Boston dropped down: "I like to look competition over," and he added, over Vermont: "I'll be in there punching till the church bell rings." Then he switched on his landing lights.

WHEN Iggy was gone and the plane put away in the converted open-side barn, Jake took her over to a corner and snapped on an overhead light.

"Here, have a look," he invited, "at what *my* muses whacked up."

It was a miniature service station fashioned in plastics and wood. "See? Three levels, ramps, a café, showers for those deep in dust. Greasing, washing, and tire work done in a great big rush while the weary traveler lounges around. I've sent photographs down to New York. Venoco should use it next summer for their exhibit at the World's Fair."

"Oh, dear," Jinny sighed, "all the men I meet are in competition, it seems."

"Sure, for you. But this is no competition. This is my *own* idea."

"I like it."

"Thanks." He snapped off the light. They stood there a moment in the dark. Against a pane that the moon washed pale she could see the nice line of his jaw. She felt—well, things were *contingent.* She said in a small voice: "Jake."

"Yeah?"

"Why couldn't you stay just the twerp who sold me some gasoline?"

Jake fell away. He said through the dark: "These are the home grounds. The visiting poet is first at bat. I'll be having last whacks."

Back on her own porch she said, "Thanks for the fun," just a trifle coolly.

"*I* had most of it. See you some more. Good night," said Jake and drove off.

She was utterly frank at breakfast. Aunt Sue said: "Well, why not? I used to play that organ there so your mother could get down the stairs to meet young Barlow Bailey when he was a whoop-it-up engineer just out of the Yankee Division and full of ideas about oil. A real live poet! My goodness, but Elizabeth Arthur'll be thrilled."

Henry arrived on Monday and was installed at the Corliss place. For a week there was tripping: Smuggler's Notch, Mount Mansfield, the coves of Champlain. The old stone porch on moonlight nights.

"Adored one," sighed Henry, "such peace."

Jinny gloried in watching that look, that *harried* look, leave his face. Soon they would know of the Agincourt Prize. And this—it was lovely suspense.

Elizabeth Arthur came to call about thirteen or fourteen times on pitiful pretexts: old recipes, a design for a candlewick spread. Jinny didn't mind. She felt generous about things and just a little bit proud. After all, you could laugh at Lizzie, if you wished, but she really *was* someone in the town.

Aunt Sue had insisted that she be allowed to entertain while Henry was there, at least once. That meant mountains of heavenly food and caldrons of drinks on the lawn.

Jinny stopped by the station. "We want you tonight," she told Jake. "Aunt Sue's entertaining."

"I'll be there. She's the best free loader in town."

"Where have you been?" Jinny chided.

"Bidin' my time. Me and Lizzie, we're smart."

Jinny colored at that.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Lizzie's stalking your poet."

"Don't be absurd. Why, Lizzie's *old.*"

"Well, who do you think you've got there—young Byron?" asked Jake. "I've read his stuff. It isn't so hot."

"Well, it takes a mind and an ear."

"The ear's all right. It can hear him snore each time I go home to lunch. Say, look: that guy isn't hungry. Have you caught a look at him in swimming?"

"Jake, you're horrid."

"Am I? All right, I might as well shoot the works. Take a look at this. Have you seen it?" He took a slim book from his hip. "Saucers at Dawn, collected verse of the younger expatriate poets. No, not his poem, this thumbnail sketch of the gent's bitter life in the back. Listen, I'll read it to you."

"Don't bother."

"Ah, tarry a bit. See, he says: 'I wandered about until a modest inheritance was spent. Paris, Rome, the Riviera, wherever my fancy led . . . !' "

"I guess," said Jinny, "that you'd better not come if you're going to be like that."

"Tut! Tut!" Jake admonished. "Who cares? My fancy leads me to Aunt Sue's ham. I'll see you along about eight."

At eight there were hordes of people all eating fabulous food while laughter sounded under the elms, and music boomed from the porch. Jinny and Henry and Lizzie sat in the dark at the other end. It was there that Jake joined them unabashed.

"Would you care," he asked Jinny, "to dance?"

"No, thank you," she said, letting him have it with ice.

"Ah, thanks! Then I *will* sit down."

HE DREW up a chair and joined them. There were times, Jinny thought, near nine, when she wished that Henry and Lizzie might come to the end of their talk. Chiefly because Jake had outdone her. His interest was still obvious and quick. He leaned far forward and hung on each word that came out of Henry's mouth. So did Lizzie, but *she* was sincere.

"I feel onomatopoeia . . ." Henry said.

"Something you ate?" offered Jake.

" . . . is the mood for these hills," Henry went on, "to contrast their stillness and peace. Onomatopoeia," he condescended Jake's way, "is sound and movement in verse."

Lizzie was at pains to show that *she* knew. She said: "Henry means all the things these eternal hills have watched from their heights, such as Ethan Allen's men."

"Oh, well," Jinny said, "perhaps dancing after all. . . ."

"May I have this one, Lizzie?" Jake asked.

Lizzie colored a sure-enough young-

the man who executed Ruth Snyder, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Sacco and Vanzetti—

tells you what he has seen during twelve years as official executioner for six states, and how he feels about it

HIS LIFE STORY BEGINS IN

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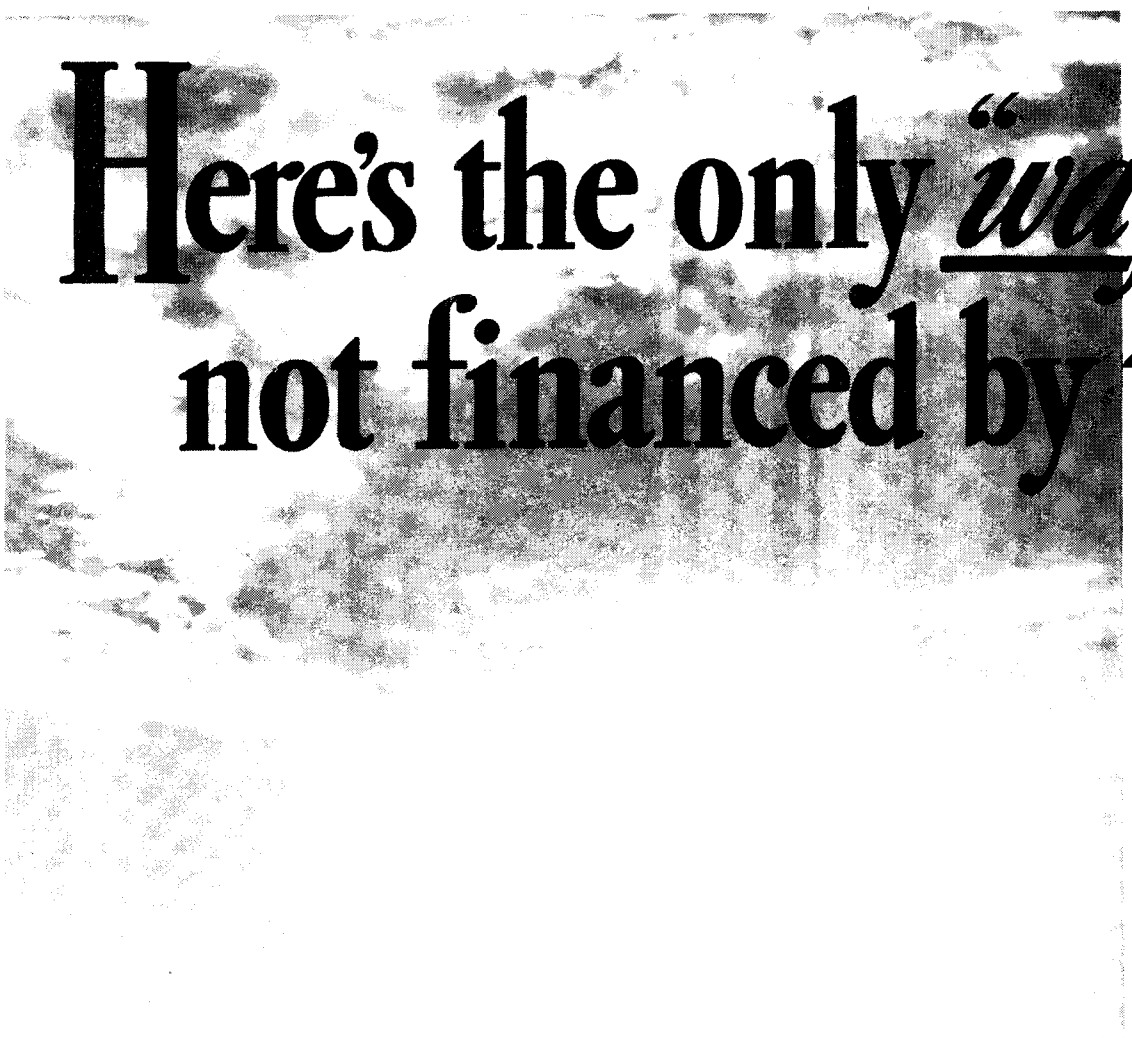
Here's the only "*way*" in America not financed by tax money



THE people of the United States use four "ways" of transportation — waterway, airway, roadway and railway.

Of these four, the railroads alone now build and maintain their own "ways" without the aid of the money we all pay in taxes. More than that, they *pay taxes* on their "ways" which help to support schools and other functions of government.

These facts have an important bearing on any discussion of the "railroad problem" for two reasons:

First, people who talk of "putting the railroads through the wringer" overlook the fact that approximately 55% of railroad investment is in their "ways."

Second, railroads must compete with carriers which use ways largely provided for them by taxation.

Take the inland waterways, for example. The construction cost of digging canals or deepening rivers —all paid by the *taxpayers*—is far more than the cost of building railroad tracks. For instance, it is $142,000 per mile on the Ohio River and $235,000 per mile on the upper Mississippi. And even the annual maintenance per mile, *also paid wholly by the taxpayers,* is much higher than the annual maintenance costs of the railroads, paid wholly by the railroads.

Aviation benefits by a nationwide system of beacons, emergency landing fields, radio beams, weather reports and the like furnished by the U. S. Government, and airports built by U. S. Government funds or municipalities.

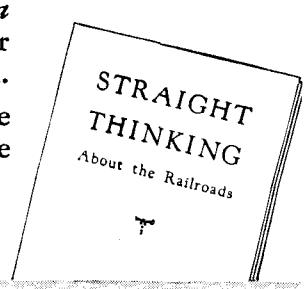
Roads, *not* including city streets, have cost more than $25,000,000,000 — almost twice the investment in railroad tracks and yards.

Looking at these figures, you can see that it costs money to furnish any kind of transportation "way"— and the marvel is that railroads, paying the whole bill themselves, are able to transport commodities of all sorts over all the country at rates averaging well below those of any of our other ways of transportation.

This is no time for snap judgment on the railroads' problems. What's needed is a sensible program.

The railroads have such a program today. It is based on the principle that *the most important transportation system in America should be given a chance to run as a business* under fair and equal conditions of competition.

This program is simply stated in a little pamphlet of vital interest to you. Please write for your copy.



What about "*Land Grants*"?

These two words have confused fair discussion of railroad problems for more than fifty years. Let us present three little-known facts which go far toward clearing the air:

First, less than 10% of the railroads ever received "land grants."

Second, the land "granted" was virtually worthless until the building of the railroads made settlement possible.

Third, "land grants" were not gifts. They were trades. Roads receiving these grants were required to give the government reduced rates on all its business, a concession which has long since returned to the government far more than the original value of the lands granted.

SAFETY FIRST— *friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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20 MINUTES A MONTH...

TRY THIS TIME-SAVING WAY TO KEEP YOUR CAR BEAUTIFUL

Millions marvel at the simplicity of this modern beauty treatment for motor cars. Even though they drive 100,000 miles or more, it keeps their cars always clean and sparkling. Envied by other motorists! You owe it to yourself to give this method a thorough trial on your car right away.

After Simonizing car, apply Simoniz to hood once a month. (10 minutes—Protects finish from engine heat.) Every 3 months, apply Simoniz to entire car. (40 minutes—Cleans and adds more protection.) Washing is seldom necessary. A dry cloth wipes dust and dirt right off without scratching the finish.

SIMONIZ SAVES THE FINISH, TOO

It doesn't matter what car you drive, it should be Simonized! Simoniz contains a secret ingredient which stops weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. In fact, each application of Simoniz makes your car more and more beautiful! *If your car is dull,* first use Simoniz Kleener. It thoroughly cleans, restores the lustre, and stops finish decay—all in one quick, easy operation!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold by leading hardware, auto accessory, drug, and grocery stores, filling stations and garages everywhere.

girl blush in spite of her thirty-odd years. "Why, Jackson! I'd *love* it!" She rose to his arm and drifted away down the porch.

"*Gauche,*" murmured Henry. "That country wit. Ah . . ." he shuddered in slight distaste. "Poor Jinny," he said, "to have had nothing more . . ." he nodded toward Jake's tall, young form.

Jinny was remembering the Westminster Roof and Jake's quick young breath on her hair, the strength of his arm, and the rhythm that flowed from his strong, straight body to hers.

She said, quite sincerely: "I *hate* him."

And she did, until he returned. He had the funniest look in his eyes as he handed Lizzie to her chair. He said: "Well, I'll be seeing you, folks," and with no more than that he was gone.

"Henry," breathed Lizzie, her eyes all alight, "I've something I want to say. . . ."

Somehow Jinny didn't want to hear it. She stood up and said: "You'll excuse me?" and drifted away down the porch.

SHE hated herself when she realized she was looking for Jake's little car. It had gone. She went in search of Aunt Sue. Aunt Sue was immersed at the buffet board.

"Can't I help you?" Jinny asked.

"Well . . . take this platter in, then. Ask Martha to fill it with chicken. And bring some more butter out."

She was in the hallway when she heard the bell. She put the big platter down and walked to the wall to unhook the old phone and hear in response to her voice: "This is Western Union. Is Mr. Tremaine there? We called at the Corliss place."

"Yes, he's here. Wait, I'll get him." She was halfway back to the door when her heart went wham! and stuck in her throat. That call could mean just one thing. And she—it *must* be she who would tell him. She hurried back to the phone.

"Look, Western Union: Mr. Tremaine cannot come. He has asked me to take the message."

"Very well," said the quiet, impersonal voice. "The telegram is from New York. 'Happy to inform you that the committee awards you Agincourt Prize Stop Congratulations Signed Bishop Chairman'—have you got it?" the operator asked.

"Oh, yes!" Jinny cried, and snapped down the hook. She leaned for a moment against the wall. Oh, here was the end of waiting; here the beginning of life.

She wished—and *loathed* the distraction—that Jake could be here to see a career, a great one, born under his eyes.

She walked to the porch where she'd left them. Lizzie and Henry were gone.

"Did you get the chicken?" that from Aunt Sue peering up over the rail.

"Heavens, no," said Jinny. "Have you seen Henry around anyplace?"

"He went toward the spring house on the arbor walk with Lizzie, I think," said Aunt Sue.

She flew down the shaded pathway where the late grapes of summer hung and there ahead she saw his tall form. They had stopped by a lilac bush. In the gloom she saw Lizzie look upward and she heard Henry's low voice: "If you *want* me?" it said. "Are you *sure,* my dear?" and good heavens! it had that *note.*

Jinny stopped quickly, and deep in her breast something lay down and died.

Here was the end, all right.

She found her way back blindly to the edge of the crowded lawn; and there, rather strangely, she was shaken hard by a healing and wholesome rage. She'd be laughed at or, worse still, sympathized with, by everybody—save Jake.

She needed his acrid comment when he found she was out on a limb. A replenishing wisecrack. A hard-edged quip. She turned for the carriage shed. It was easy getting Aunt Sue's old sedan away unobserved in the night. They told her at the Venoco Station she'd find Jake out at his field. And she'd better hurry. He was going up. Yes, it would be a long flight.

She hurried, and there was the prop thumping over in the headlights of Iggy's truck, and Iggy standing wingside handing a suitcase up.

Jinny yelled: "Wait for me!" and: "Where are you going?" when Iggy had her arm to boost her up on the step.

"New York," Jake said. "So long!"

"Wait! I want to go, too."

Jake shrugged and gunned the machine. Jinny fell in at his side. "Be back Tuesday," he yelled down at Iggy and took off in a long, slow climb.

"I thought," he said, as he circled up in an ascending pulsating groove, "that you and the poet would be love-locked when he told you about his job."

"His *job?*"

"Sure, the one that Lizzie offered him. She told me about it when we danced. A post in creative literature in that spring-chicken coop of hers."

So that was it! thought Jinny—that "if you *want* me, you *know* I do" act. "Why, he couldn't *wait!*" she said aloud, "to see if he'd won the prize."

It was true. Henry would take anything, even a post at a third-rate school. He was permanently scared, poor helpless man. What an idiot—to consider him brave. . . .

"Did he *win* it?" asked Jake.

"Yes. They wired him tonight."

"Speaking of wires, have a look at this." Jake took a paper from his coat. Jinny held it under the instrument lights. It, too, was date-lined New York.

"Some of your ideas interest us stop can you come down to see us?" it asked. It was signed by the Venezuela Oil Company.

"Why, how *grand!*" She handed it back. "But *grand!* So you win a prize."

"Aw, they could've bought it outright. Maybe it needs the touch, the old personal charm—*I'll* sell them."

"Oh, sure," said Jinny. "Like *that.* It must be wonderful, really, to—Good Lord! I didn't tell Henry a *thing!* Nor poor Aunt Sue, and here I am flying all the way *home!*"

JAKE pulled the nose to a steady southeast. Ahead lay the long, broad silver splay of island-dotted Champlain.

"You can call them both from Albany. We'll land there for coffee and dogs."

"Oh, good," said Jinny and settled back with a sigh of deep relief. The events of the night had dropped way back into an infinite past. Had she ever been Henry's adored one? Good Lord! She said: "Well, he's good. As a poet, I mean."

"Sure," Jake said and kept looking straight ahead. "I'll have to apologize for that, I guess. I mean, well, a prize is a prize. Lizzie got something cheap, all right."

Well, Jinny had something too. And somehow she wasn't getting it cheap. At least, not from where *she* peeked. And really, it was funny: she was coming home with a man who'd fit in the groove. Her folks would simply adore him.

"I'll bet," she said, "you're the type who fights through hell and high water for the girl. Success comes ahead of the lady."

"Only in sequence," said Jake.

"I'll bet you're even a Republican."

"Sure I am, dope; I'm in business. And this, don't forget, is Vermont."

"Well—I'll have you meet Father."

Jake shook his head.

"All right, sucker, make it the hard way," she sniffed.

Jake grinned. "Always have."

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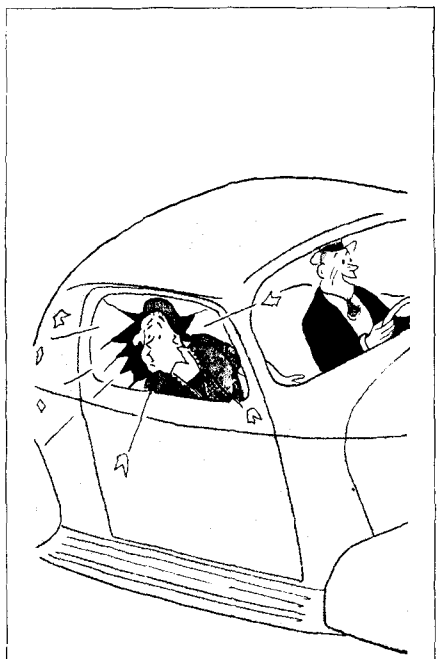
Don't Trust Your Eyes

Continued from page 12

such as the discovery of a new virus, the microscopist clicks the shutter and, if necessary, hundreds of copies of the photograph may be printed. And thus another piece in the jigsaw puzzle of medicine is fitted in place.

Young men learning to perform operations profit a great deal from photography. Better operations are being done every day because young surgeons have seen motion pictures of great surgeons at work. Medical schools require advance students to observe operating technique—but this is not always a satisfactory method because only those students standing close to the surgeon may see details of his work. Motion-picture cameras, with their all-seeing eye, take in more than any observer can see.

Infrared photography has aided the medical man as well as the criminologist. Some skin defects, obvious to the eye, may or may not go beneath the surface. Infrared often can tell the answer. Varicose veins, not yet visible, may be detected. Numerous women with



"I had the windows washed—did you notice?"

BO BROWN

small skin blemishes that they thought might be cancer have been reassured by infrared. Others have been warned in time and have taken steps that brought a cure. Physicians are confirming diagnoses of cirrhosis of the liver by photography. Infrared pictures of the normal abdomen do not show veins very distinctly. In those of a person with cirrhosis of the liver the veins stand out like branches of a tree.

Infrared is a curious thing and its uses in photography are only beginning to be understood. Recently a photographer said, "We still cannot take a picture of a black cat in a dark cellar."

But he didn't know about the tricks that can be done with infrared. In Rochester a group of about fifty men attending a meeting were photographed in total visual darkness.

A small compartment that looked like a telephone booth had been built at one side of the room. In it were a number of strong electric light bulbs. A thick plate of dark red glass rested on top of the booth, cutting out all light that the eye could see and yet letting the infrared rays escape into the room. This was done as a technical stunt but the method is open for industrial adaptations.

X-ray photography has advanced rapidly in the past few years. The newest thing is successful X-ray moving pictures. Anyone who has had suspicious sounds in his heart or lungs has probably been fluoroscoped—standing with his back to the X-ray equipment. The rays pass through the body and onto a fluorescent glass plate in front of the body. The physician examines the density of the shadows and makes his diagnosis.

The process of taking motion pictures of the shadows on the screen is called cinefluorography. Like much in photography, it is not strictly new but only in the past few years have successful methods been developed. Technicians had all sorts of trouble finding proper X-ray tubes, glass plates, camera lenses and films. Each step had to be tackled as a problem but when one sees the beautiful films of such men as Dr. William H. Stewart of New York's Lenox Hill Hospital he agrees that the years of struggle were worth while.

More Than a Hobby

"Why movies," you ask, "when a broken bone, a diseased lung or an object in a child's stomach can be seen in a still picture?"

"One of the physician's chief problems," Dr. Stewart points out, "is the body in action. Remember that the body is made up of hundreds of moving parts. To understand their entire function, we must see them in action. We cannot keep a person before powerful X-rays for more than a short interval—too short a time for complete observation. Yet in five seconds we get eighty pictures, which are enough to show one complete respiratory cycle and two or three complete cycles of the heart in action. Films of the act of swallowing show the manipulation of radio opaque substances in the throat and their descent through the esophagus. By repeatedly printing these short films on a longer film, the cycle of action may be projected over and over to give ample time for study. Various pathological conditions of the throat, heart, lungs and stomach can be studied more carefully under the cinefluorographic method than with the still pictures."

What the movie-goer calls slow motion has been of great assistance in certain medical problems. But what is popularly called slow motion, the movie photographer calls high speed, because in taking the picture his camera turns over faster than normal. The normal Hollywood speed for sound cameras is twenty-four frames, or pictures, per second. If slow-motion pictures of pretty girls diving off springboards are wanted, the operators speed up their cameras to around 120 per second. Then these are projected at the normal speed and we see the swan dive in all its beauty, but at about one fifth the speed it actually occurred.

Medical men have become interested in slowing up action in convulsions and violent agitations that the human body goes through in certain diseases, such as epilepsy. The spasmodic movements occur so rapidly that the human eye cannot analyze them. Dr. Carney Landis and some of his Columbia University associates have used high-speed cameras with considerable success. They have operated as many as five cameras at one time, the slowest turning over at 64 frames per second, the intermediate-

—AND HE DIDN'T KISS MOMMY YESTERDAY, EITHER...

Poor little tyke . . . it worried her . . . that indifferent, even distant, attitude with which her Daddy was treating her Mommy lately. And, like her Mother, she couldn't understand why . . . maybe it was because Mommy's breath wasn't as pleasant as it used to be.

When a man and his wife begin to "get on each other's nerves" it is usually not due to one big difference, boldly brought into the open, but to a series of petty annoyances that secretly smoulder in the dark of discontent.

How's your *breath?*

Number one among them is halitosis (bad breath). A breath that isn't what it should be is a pretty hard thing to live with. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since the subject is so delicate that no one mentions it, you may unwittingly continue to offend—*often needlessly.*

Needlessly, because Listerine Antiseptic offers a quick, safe, wholly delightful way of making the breath purer, sweeter, more wholesome. Its antiseptic and deodorant powers are truly remarkable. Just swish it about in your mouth and you will see for yourself. Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation and kills bacteria, both causes of odors; then overcomes the odors themselves.

Play Safe Always

If you want to be fastidious, if you want others to like you, keep Listerine Antiseptic handy and use it systematically morning and night, and between times before social or business engagements.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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speed cameras from 150 to 700 and the fastest at 2,000 per second.

The slowest cameras photograph the period of the entire convulsion, the intermediate cameras various periods and the fastest are used for only a few seconds in the midst of activity that is of special importance. Information of great value has been accumulated and this kind of photographic observation will doubtless have further medical uses.

Using high-speed cameras is one of the most interesting fields of photographic development. To the layman, high-speed photography is represented by pictures of bullets leaving the muzzle of a gun, or of a golf ball being hit. Editors, even of scientific journals, use such pictures to demonstrate high speed because all of us know that bullets and golf balls travel pretty fast.

But if we nod our heads tolerantly and say, "Interesting hobby," when we see such pictures, we are far from the truth. The foremost work in high-speed photography in this country is being done by such men as Professor H. E. Edgerton of M. I. T., William Herriott of the Bell Laboratories, Fordyce Tuttle of the Eastman Kodak Company, Dr. E. M. Watson of General Electric and A. M. Rothrock at Langley Field.

High-speed photography is a time microscope—which is an idea to digest slowly. A microscope takes a small object in space and enlarges it so that it can be studied. Ultrafast photography takes an infinitesimal instant in time and, by slowing it down, enlarges it, so that it may be studied. There have been several plays and movies, such as Berkeley Square, in which dramatists have tinkered with time. Most of these were dramatic but highly imaginative. High-speed photography, however, actually slows up time.

Industry's New Eye

It has been adapted for studying various rapid movements that occur so fast the eye cannot follow them—in analyzing the fast action of electrical equipment and machines, in automotive and aeronautical engineering, in machine design, problems associated with combustion of fuels and with vibrations in motors, in ballistics, timing horse races and for other similar purposes.

In large telephone headquarters there is a vast amount of electromechanical equipment. When we dial a number many electrical switches have to open and close both accurately and rapidly. Telephone engineers found that some circuits were not operating properly and yet the movement took place in the wink of an eye and no one could see what happened. Mr. Herriott photographed the movement with a high-speed camera and when the film was projected at normal speed it was found that the metal switch arms hit and then bounced twice before finally coming to rest. This was remedied and the problem was solved. The important point is that the problem couldn't be licked until the engineers knew what they were up against.

High-speed photography has also improved the operation of shoe machinery, the design of spinnerets in textile mills, continuous welding arcs, the manufacture of electric light bulbs and even the photo-flash bulbs used by press photographers. In the photo-flash bulbs, the *poof* of the flash occurred so quickly that it couldn't be seen but a series of fast pictures showed the aluminum foil burned unevenly.

The problem of building high-speed cameras is one that has occupied some of the country's best photographic brains. A piece of film is a fragile thing—yet imagine a mechanism that will yank it through the camera at a speed of over a mile a minute! A speed of 4,000 frames a second means 100 feet of film race through in a second. Only short strips, from 50 to 100 feet, can be used at present.

Other complicated problems include lighting. At noon on a summer day the sun gives off about 12,000 foot-candles of light. But that is not enough to illuminate a subject for high-speed photography. As much as 100,000 foot-candles are used and heat from the lights has to be reduced by passing it through six inches of liquid filter.

Five Thousand Frames a Second

The cameras Mr. Tuttle designed have done some remarkable work. One especially is flexible enough to alter its pace from eight up to 8,000 pictures a second. Traveling at high speeds, such a camera gets more use in an hour than an automobile does in a lifetime. Actually, high-speed cameras are not used for more than a few seconds at a time—but if one accumulated an hour of use at a speed of 5,000 frames per second, it would have taken just 18 million pictures.

Cameras have been designed to shoot as many as 10,000 or more pictures a second, but they are usually stationary outfits, built for just one job. The above cameras are portable equipment.

Professor Edgerton at M. I. T. has taken still pictures at a speed of one millionth of a second. He is an electrical engineer and one of his problems has been to know what is occurring in some of his fast-moving electrical equipment. Very bright flashes of light can be made for an exceedingly short time. An elaborate technique must be perfected since it is no easy matter to take a picture of a bullet as it travels at the rate of half a mile a second. From these ultrahigh-speed pictures much has been learned about ballistics, explosions and flames. Experts in the photographic industry stand ready to study the applications of photography to any jobs of measurement or observation that have baffled other tools of research and engineering. High-speed photography has helped to solve numerous industrial problems.

Another kind of motion-picture photography—almost the exact opposite of high-speed work—is used in biology. Watching cells through a microscope is like watching a child grow up. Change goes on steadily but so gradually that the parent cannot see what is occurring. But the visitor who drops in once every six months can see that a change has taken place.

In the biological laboratory of Professor Robert Chambers at New York University, cellular changes in living substances have been studied for years. Micro injections of chemicals into living cells, methods by which the leucocytes in the blood attack bacteria and methods of cell division are among the problems studied. But action takes place so slowly that the microscopist sees almost no movement whatever. The photographic problem here is to speed up activity so that it may be studied.

The particular problems of this laboratory were solved by C. C. Grand who uses a motion-picture camera that is focused through a microscope. A special timing device takes one picture at set intervals, every five, seven, ten or more seconds. The camera is run over a twenty-four-hour stretch if necessary and it clicks merrily on its way. Suppose Mr. Grand has been taking pictures at a rate of one every ten seconds. He can photograph movement for over twenty-six hours and then condense that activity into ten minutes in his projection.

"See if a couple of them ain't the neighbors' kids, Kennesaw. Sixty roastin' ears is usually enough for our family"

REAMER KELLER

One of the interesting problems is studying methods by which the white corpuscles in the blood attack bacteria—something that concerns all of us. White corpuscles, or leucocytes, are put in one corner of a glass slide, and a small section of bacterial growth on another. The microscope is focused, the motion-picture camera connected and put in operation. The biologist sees almost no activity as he gazes through the microscope but the camera photographs one of the great battles of the ages. Not until he has seen the film can the layman appreciate the terrific struggle that has taken place.

Watching the Stars

"The leucocytes are the policemen cells," says Mr. Grand. "They are the body's first line of defense. The moment an infection occurs, these police cells separate themselves from the blood stream and attack the invading bacteria. Sometimes one side wins, sometimes the other, depending upon the strength of their forces. From our photography we have learned a great deal about characteristic movements of various cells, which is of value to medical and biological work. We witness activity on our films that could be seen in no other way. The study of cancer cells has been going on for fifty years but there is still much to be learned. Photography is helping to solve many of the problems of how cells form and grow and multiply."

Aerial photography has also turned scientific. Mapping by air is now the newest and quickest way for governments to make maps. Canada is subjecting its hundreds of thousands of square miles to aerial scrutiny. Our own government is carrying on a number of mapping surveys, the largest of which is part of the soil conservation program. Some 90,000 square miles in the dust bowl have been mapped from the air. The Ohio River valley has been photographed for flood control purposes. Both Coulee and Boulder dams were surveyed from the air. The entire state of Connecticut was mapped for tax purposes.

Astronomers look upon the camera as an indispensable piece of equipment. The typical picture of an astronomer is a man sitting up all night hovering over the eyepiece of a telescope. But that is far out of date. What usually happens these days is that the astronomer locates the planet or constellation he wishes to study, then attaches his camera and goes off to bed. All through the night the faithful camera will make a record of what the astronomer might have seen. And in many instances the camera plate will bring in records a man could never have seen. Many stars give off such a faint light that they are not visible to the eye. Yet the photographic plate absorbs the light over a number of hours and gradually builds up a picture. Astronomers also use the spectrograph and now have a fairly accurate knowledge of the atmospheric contents of many planets. No longer can novelists scare us with talk about an invasion from Mars. There is not enough oxygen there to support life.

Looking at the Records

The ability to see through several inches of steel is an advantage today's engineers have. That trick doesn't sound so improbable when you learn that it is done with X-ray. Defects in the interior of castings and other metals can be detected. When Boulder Dam was finished, over 75 miles of steel welds were X-rayed. This work required over 159,000 exposures. In some states it is legally necessary to X-ray all welded steam boilers before installing them.

The owner of one large building was saved considerable money through X-ray methods. He wanted to move heavy machinery to one floor but engineers did not know if the floor was strong enough. The original plans had been lost and no one could tell if the concrete was reinforced and, if so, what kind of reinforcing was used. X-ray pictures taken through five inches of concrete showed every detail of the reinforcement with great clearness.

The tough job of going through three or four inches of steel is usually left to the gamma rays of radium. No extensive equipment is needed. The radium is held in a container and its rays filter out through the object and strike a photographic plate.

Perhaps the newest wrinkle in the many new phases of commercial photography is that of keeping records on microfilm, or 16 mm. film. It doesn't sound sensible when you first hear of it, but it is so logical that it is one of those movements that will be sweeping the country before long.

The system was developed by a New York banker who felt a need to have a record of each check going through his bank. If you write a check out for cash, then put it through your bank and get

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Yes...the brewers *do* mean business

AN EDITORIAL BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE . . .
in the Emporia (Kan.) Daily Gazette

BEER STATESMANSHIP

It has become obvious ever since the repeal of prohibition that the American brewers were determined not to make the mistake that the brewers made in pre-prohibition days . . . A year ago they adopted an independent code, pledged themselves to "conduct their business in conformity with established laws and in co-operation with the authorities." Further, they pledged themselves to support "duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions" in the beer business. They pledged themselves to get behind the "great body of retailers who sell beer as law abiding citizens" and also to back up authorities in preventing "beer sales to minors or persons who have drunk to excess." The code aimed high.

It was obvious that Kansas is the one place in the United States where the United Brewers' Industrial Foundation, which was back of the code, with offices in New York, could come and find a fertile field to try out the code. They sent a representative of the Foundation to Kansas. He went to work in a practical manner. He surveyed the beer business in the large counties of Kansas where, if anywhere, the code would crack. He went to the sheriffs and the county attorneys in these counties. He went to the Attorney General of Kansas and told the law enforcing officers everywhere that he wanted their help and he wanted to help them clean up questionable beer parlors, places where they sold beer to minors, to drunks, where they kept open after the hours set down by the local authorities, where the beer dealers permitted hard drinks to be sold or sold them, and in general, this agent of the brewers back of the code made a genuine and certainly an effective campaign in Kansas to weed out the bad practices which tend to grow up where illegal liquor mixes itself with the sale of beer.

The Gazette knows definitely two cases where evidence was furnished by the Brewers' Foundation . . . With the full co-operation of the local officers and the representatives of the Brewers' Foundation, public enforcement of the Kansas law controlling the sale of beer can be had. That co-operation should be given.

There is no reason why the beer business should not be conducted as any other commercial business —breakfast food, toothpaste, tenderized ham, packaged coffee or shoes . . .

The representatives of the Brewers' Foundation in Kansas wrote to The Gazette:

"We stand ready to co-operate with Kansas officials in the enforcement of the law. We have laid before officials evidence of violations of the liquor laws and some definite results have been attained. We pledge our continued efforts."

This is not idle persiflage. Apparently the Brewers' Foundation means business.

(from issue of April 15, 1938)

Here's what we promised:

One pledge from The Brewers Code: "We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Here's what we're doing:

As one example (and there are others): our investigators gathered evidence in Kansas that some retail outlets were using beer licenses as screens to sell bootleg liquor. The Attorney General cooperated, prosecuted and won. William Allen White, great American editor, then published the above editorial.

It's true . . . "anti-social conditions" exist in only a tiny fraction of the quarter-million places where beer is sold. Even so, we cannot hope to "police" them . . . unless you too will cooperate.

Here's what You *can do:*

1. Follow up *your* local authorities. Just insist that they enforce *existing laws* against illegal sales of liquor, operation of illicit resorts, sales after hours, sales to minors, sales to persons who have drunk to excess.
2. Patronize only respectable retail outlets.
3. Show that you are behind us . . . buy only beer or ale made by Foundation members . . . identified in their advertising by the symbol shown here.

Do these things, and you help the bulwark of moderation . . . beer . . . and the public interest as well.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Correspondence is invited with groups and individuals everywhere who are interested in the brewing industry and its responsibilities. Address: **United Brewers Industrial Foundation, *21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.***

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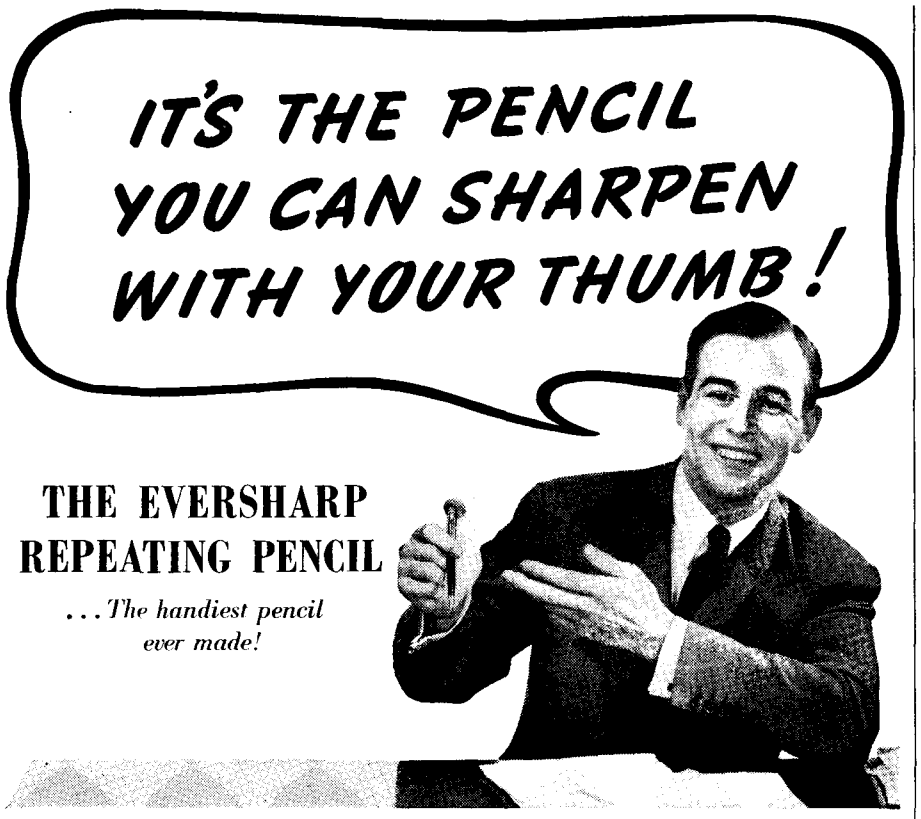

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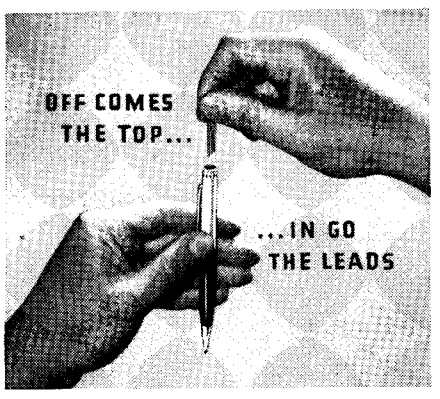

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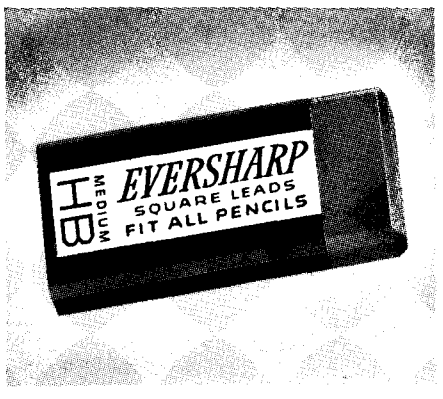

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WAHL-EVERSHARP

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the money, you can destroy the check at the end of the month and insist that the bank made a mistake. The bank could not prove it had cashed the check unless a special record had been made, and even then you could still deny it. But that trick won't work any longer because thousands of banks now use the photographic check-recording method. About 100 checks per minute can be fed into the machine and about 8,000 photographs can be put on 100 feet of film.

The government is photographing the millions of social security cards, using this method because it was found successful in other branches of government service. The Library of Congress makes good use of the system and a group of scientists have formed an organization for the filing and exchange of books and other valuable information that is photographed on microfilm. They predict, without batting an eye, that the time will come when some magazines, books and other documents will be printed on film. Several large insurance firms, with millions of records of former policyholders to keep, have embraced the new method with shouts of thanksgiving.

The system has been used by a large electrical firm that had many thousands of blueprints of equipment made in former years. The prints had to be kept because customers were always writing in to order spare parts of old machines. Yet so many blueprints were being accumulated that a new building was being planned for them. But someone heard of microfilm and the whole batch of blueprints was photographed. The originals were destroyed. Now when parts are ordered, the film is projected, and full-size photographs can be printed if necessary.

A Boon to Libraries

If you have ever read old newspapers in a public library you know what a dirty, tiresome job it is. The New York Public Library binds and saves a great many papers—in fact, it has papers going back to the Revolutionary War. Space in the library is valuable. So they have begun filing two papers in film form and will add others as they can afford it. Readers like the new system. Librarians put the film in a viewing machine and the reader quickly becomes accustomed to shifting it about.

Some of the enthusiastic users of microfilm predict that someday newspapers will be printed on film and we will all have small viewing machines. That may work in some cities but it wouldn't in New York. Subway riders couldn't hold the contraption in one hand.

A Couple of Kidders

Continued from page 23

They will try hard, because it seldom works out. But it makes no difference to the audience whether it does or not when men like Grover Whalen and Raymond Moley—Hartman addicts—stand up with their hands tied over their heads. If the rope just won't loosen after Grace and Paul have tried all the hocus-pocus they know, that's that. Too bad. They look so foolish and sad when things go wrong.

Soon they are dancing again, a slow dark tango. If you know the swagger paces of famous ballroom teams you'll know which couple is being dissected, now. If you don't, no matter. These Hartmans aren't so daffy as they seem—they are really showing up all the phony grandeur of serious ballroom dancing, and people's sides ache while they do it.

Stars in Shanghai

Paul and Grace came to New York after a world tour that was largely beginner's luck. She can't remember the time when she wasn't stage-struck. At fifteen in high school she met Paul, two years older, in his sophomore year at the University of California. That summer Ferris Hartman, Paul's father, teamed them in his popular San Francisco stock company in a comedy song-and-dance act. Their parents naturally expected them to finish school. Instead, they fell in love and married secretly. Then somebody told on them and they were fired. Off they went to an agent looking for a job. Pretty soon post cards were coming from Shanghai announcing the young Hartmans as brilliant new stars of the exclusive Little Club on Bubbling Well Road.

Shanghai tried to keep them but after a year they set forth to lighten the white man's burden in the South Seas, India and Burma. (In India they learned their magic as a diversion, never thinking to commercialize it.)

The Hartmans feel a bit grim in recalling that first return to the States. Just behind them were many successful engagements — Les Ambassadeurs at Cannes, the Negresco at Nice, Le Perroquet in Paris. But to theatrical agents on Broadway they were just another out-of-a-job dance team.

"The proprietor of a Chinese restaurant on Broadway really saved us from starvation," says Paul. "I told him we were considered hot stuff in Shanghai. His offer was $40 a week and eats. We grabbed it." Another time, weary of dieting, Paul haunted steamship offices. On a hot summer day he fainted in one, but when he came to he talked fast. For two weeks the Hartmans ate regularly as entertainers on a Caribbean cruise.

Then came the big surprise. Jack Bertell, a theatrical agent who sensed what he calls "something different" about the Hartmans, had been combing the town for them. The Hartmans couldn't believe Jack when he mentioned a spot at the Riviera, a popular night club just beyond the city—$150 a week for them and quite a number of weeks.

On the Riviera bill at the time were several big-name dance teams. Paul and Grace were even more excited now. They'd be able to find out what these babies had that they lacked. At rehearsals they were struck not so much by the grand dancing as by the grand manners. The couples were painfully elegant as they danced. They took themselves so seriously that even their smiles hurt and every move and gesture was so gosh-darned refined! The Hartmans wanted to laugh out loud but they saved that until later, then they let loose with some pretty fancy imitations.

The very dancers the Hartmans make fun of love watching them. But once, at Pierre's, they were just a little bit worried when they spotted two top teams at a table.

Something got into the Hartmans as they stepped onto the floor that night. They double-edged their satire, double-exposured it. Nobody in the know could possibly mistake the expressions they put on, from magnificent hauteur to passionate adoration, and they fairly swooned in and out of each other's arms. Then they fell into a heap, weak from their own suppressed laughter. The audience went wild, especially when they saw that the two famous couples were applauding loudest of all.

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The Spymaster

Continued from page 18

though. He's a killer. I don't know why he didn't finish you outright, same as the bloke in the car. Now try standing."

He stood with perfect ease.

"Good," she said. "Now come on. If you can climb the stairs I will let you out. Here's a whistle. That will bring a taxi."

They stumbled up the stairs, Cheshire leaning upon his companion's shoulder. She left him on a chair in the hall and wandered round the place. Presently she reappeared with a large sheet of paper, from which she read: "Mr. and Mrs. Florestan are called away owing to the sudden illness of their daughter. Nothing is to be touched. They will be back tomorrow."

"All me eye!" she pronounced. "Everything as tricky as possible. Chairs pushed away from the table—telephone receiver off—disturbed at their meal, eh? Illness of the daughter. You come right along, old dear," she went on, with a change of voice. "This place scares me. They're a bad lot, those two. I'm getting the dithers myself!"

ROSA listened for a moment. Then she drew the bolts of the door and peered out. She closed the door again softly.

"I want to get away," she told Cheshire. "There's something I don't like about this place. You can lean on me all you will. Let's get out in the road, then we'll blow the whistle for a taxi."

"I'm agreeable," he replied. "I'm all right now. You come along with me and I will take you where you will be safe."

"If he gets to know," she muttered as she reopened the front door, "I don't know as I will ever be safe again in this world. That don't matter, though. Living ain't such a catch as all that."

They passed out onto the steps. Rosa closed the door behind them. They traversed the few yards of tiled way to the gate, pushed it open and they were in the street. The rain was coming down now steadily.

"Blow this," she enjoined, handing him the whistle.

He raised it to his lips and blew feebly. She snatched it from him and its shrill summons rang down the deserted road. Only a few hundred yards away were the rumble, hootings and flaring lights of a great thoroughfare. She looked toward it longingly. They seemed somehow or other cut off from that whirlpool of life and action. There were no signs of any response to her summons.

"I'll go down to High Street," she said. "I'll find a taxi quick enough once I get there. Hold on to those railings there."

Off she went—a strange, wild enough figure, hatless, her hair in disorder, a cheap scarf, already half wet through, drifting backward from her neck. Cheshire watched her in amazement as she covered the ground with long, uneven strides. She crossed the road and disappeared. She was in the shadow of some gardens, still some distance from the thoroughfare. A taxi turned a corner. Cheshire staggered out, waving his hand. The driver looked straight ahead. His flag was down, and with a sinking heart Cheshire realized that there were passengers inside.

Even then he did his best to check the vehicle. It passed him without a sign. Long before it had disappeared he heard the soft paddling of footsteps along the damp pavement. In the light of the standard he saw the figure of a man coming toward him, a nondescript-looking person in a dark overcoat and bowler hat, holding up an umbrella that concealed his face. Cheshire watched and listened. The man was drawing nearer all the time. A score of yards away he paused, raised the umbrella slightly and looked around him. There was no one else in sight. Cheshire squeezed himself back against the railings.

The pedestrian came slowly on. As he reached the gate of Number 137, through which Cheshire and his companion had issued, he seemed on the point of entering when, at the last moment, he caught sight of the outline of Cheshire's strained figure. He came slowly toward him. He thrust his hand into his pocket. When it came out the flash of a torch dazzled Cheshire. An exclamation broke from his lips. The torch was almost immediately extinguished, but the man still advanced.

"What are you doing there—waiting for anybody? Where did you come from?" he asked fiercely.

"Is that any business of yours?" Cheshire retorted.

Once more the light flashed on and Cheshire knew that he was recognized.

"How the hell did you get out of that cellar?" the man demanded.

"Mind your own business."

The other looked around. The driving rain was like a barrier from the outside world. Nevertheless, he lowered his voice.

"We are going back again together, you and I. To tell you the truth, I was going there to have a look around, even though I forced my way in. Just as well, I should think. Come on!"

Cheshire struck out at the arm gripping his shoulder, but the other laughed as he evaded the feeble blow.

"I'm damned if I can understand how you escaped from that house," he declared with a most unpleasant grin. "I think that you want another whiff of the old lady, eh? We will go back together and have a little talk."

CHESHIRE put out all his small store of strength and struggled for every foot along the pavement. He shouted for help but a rough hand closed over his lips. They had reached the gate. The man with whom he was wrestling paused for an instant for his final effort. Suddenly, the most amazing, the most wonderful recollection crept into Cheshire's brain. He gave a very excellent representation of a man about to collapse.

"Let me lean here for a moment," he faltered. "I feel ill."

He caught hold of a post. His captor looked at him suspiciously. Cheshire had all the appearance of having spoken the truth. He was ghastly pale and the words came feebly from his lips.

"I will be all right if you let me breathe for a few seconds," he gasped.

The man's rough hand was grudgingly withdrawn from the collar he was grasping. Cheshire threw back his head and drew a long breath. His fingers were traveling slowly downward. The man was watching the windows of the house intently. Cheshire had found the button and unfastened it. He leaned suddenly away and sprang clear. There was bite enough about his voice now as he stretched out his hand.

"If you move an inch toward me I'll shoot you dead," he threatened. "I am not strong enough to struggle but I am strong enough to tell you that, and I am strong enough to pull the trigger. You will die like a dog if you even twitch."

The man stood still. The thing was impossible and yet Cheshire, although rocking on his feet, was holding out a small revolver of very familiar shape, and whatever might have happened to

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on smoking a pipe"
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Famed for their sparkling smiles—the comely maids of Samoa ate rough, primitive foods that kept their teeth healthfully exercised, polished and sound. We civilized folk eat softer foods, depriving our teeth of needed exercise.

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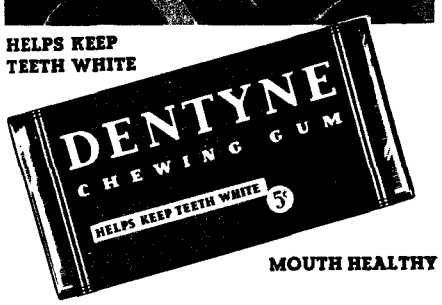

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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

the rest of him, his right hand was firm enough.

"What the hell—" his aggressor began.

Cheshire edged a foot farther away.

"I hadn't time to use this an hour or so ago," he said. "Your friend was too quick for me. I'm not taking any chances this time. I'm not waiting while your hand goes down. Would you like one shot to be sure it's loaded? You can have it."

"Put it away," the man grunted. "I'm not doing you any harm."

Cheshire took another step backward. He was safe now from anything in the shape of a sudden spring. Not only that, but there was a pleasant sound in his ears—the hooting of a taxicab close at hand. He could almost catch the reflection of its lights.

"There's a taxi here," he announced, his voice becoming firmer every moment. "Get ready. You're coming along with me."

"Not I," was the prompt reply. "Put that gun down."

"You're coming along with me," Cheshire repeated.

THE cab stopped. Cheshire heard the woman's cry but his eye never left the figure a few yards from him. Rosa ran across the pavement and stood by his side.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Florestan's friend who helped tie me up," he answered. "I'm taking him to the police station. What sort of a driver have you got?"

"Usual sort."

"Tell him to step down. I want to speak to him."

The man lumbered from his seat.

"Listen," Cheshire said. "I'm connected with Scotland Yard. I've caught a burglar here. I want to take him to the police station."

"That's all right, sir," the driver answered. "It's in Crockham Street, just round the corner. Bring him along."

"Not so easy," Cheshire replied. "He's planning a getaway already. I'm going to put him on the front with you. Let your glass down so that I can shoot him from inside if he moves."

The driver seemed to consider the question.

"All very well, guv'nor," he said doubtfully, "but what if he goes for me?"

"I'll shoot him before he can hurt you," Cheshire promised.

"I've done no harm!" their captive shouted fiercely. "If you take me to the police station I'll make you all pay for it."

"We will pay with pleasure," was the prompt reply. "Keep your hands up now, whoever you are. Walk out of that gate. I shall be two yards behind you all the time. Take the place beside the driver."

"Against orders, that, you know, sir," the driver observed.

"I can break orders when I choose," Cheshire snapped. "Don't worry. Step out."

"I shan't move," their prisoner muttered.

"All right. Stand out on the pavement, Rosa, and blow your whistle. Tell the driver to sound his horn at the same time. We will have a policeman in two minutes."

The man gave in.

"I don't mind going to the police station with you," he conceded. "I've done nothing. I just stopped to ask you for a light. I don't believe you're from the police. If you are I've done nothing—there's no charge against me."

"Then if you don't mind coming—come," Cheshire insisted, stepping on one side to let him pass, his right hand all the time steadily stretched out.

As soon as the man was settled in his place and the window had been lowered, Cheshire crept cautiously into the back of the cab. The girl took her place by his side. They drove off. In five minutes they had arrived at their destination. The taxicab driver blew his horn. A police constable came out.

"Inspector Douglas there?" Cheshire asked.

"He's inside, sir," the man replied.

"Say that Cheshire of XYZ is here with a prisoner. Fellow's dangerous. Will you ask him to step out? I've got him covered here."

"There's no need for your inspector," the man in front shouted scornfully. "I'll come."

He swung onto the pavement. The constable took his wrist. They filed into the station. Inspector Douglas, who was seated at a desk, rose to his feet and saluted. Cheshire drew him to one side.

"Inspector," he confided. "I was wrong to go to that filthy house without you. Ring up the Yard at once. The deputy commissioner won't be there but Greville will be on duty. Tell him that it's Cheshire and that I am all right. I have a man here who is to be locked up for the night. We will deal with him in the morning. I want you to put him in a cell straightaway. Don't give him a chance."

"Anything you say goes, of course, Admiral," the inspector replied, gazing at the latter in astonishment. "You've had a rough time, I'm afraid, sir. Take the man down to No. 3 cell, Constable."

The constable and his charge disappeared. Cheshire's right arm collapsed and he sank into a chair.

"I've been made a monkey of," he told the inspector. "Tied up and chloroformed by that man and Florestan!"

Inspector Douglas shook his head.

"Are you going to make a charge, sir?" he asked, drawing the sheet toward him.

"Not at the moment. I don't want to come into this if I can help it, Inspector. He can be held under the new regulations but loitering with the intention to commit a felony will do, if you have to frame him. You'll hear from us all right in the morning."

The inspector, bareheaded, conducted his distinguished visitor back to the taxi. Cheshire gazed into its empty interior blankly.

"What's become of the girl?" he asked the driver.

"Slipped out, I reckon, when we were inside," the man replied. "There was no sign of her when I came back."

Cheshire looked up and down the street helplessly. There was no doubt about it—Rosa had disappeared.

IT WAS characteristic of Cheshire's unique position that he entered his private room at the admiralty on the following morning without comment or remark from anyone. He glanced through several communications of varying interest, dictated a few letters to his typist-secretary, put one or two other matters on one side for further consideration and sent for Hincks. The young man presented himself almost at once with a roll of plans under his arm. Cheshire leaned back in his chair and studied his appearance for a few moments.

"You are working too hard, young fellow," he observed.

"It's the only way I can make up, sir."

The admiral continued to regard him thoughtfully. There was something pathetic about the haggard face, the unnatural lines about his mouth, which went so ill with his youthful mien and complexion.

"You must not take things too hardly, Hincks," his chief said kindly. "Working late last night, eh?"

"I was here until four o'clock this morning, sir. I am making headway. Would you like to see how far I have gone?"

Cheshire shook his head.

"I won't interfere with you at present," he decided. "The situation is unchanged—the idea remains. You are still in touch, I suppose, with Regent's Park?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you arrange an appointment for seven-thirty this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

Cheshire nodded.

"No good eating your heart out, you know, Hincks," he said. "You are on the right road to recovery but don't overdo it. A mental cripple is no use here these days. Remember, we are out of the woods in a fortnight, or never. That work you are engaged upon may lead to great things. Don't brood."

"I try not to, sir."

"You've got it both ways, I know," Cheshire said kindly. "Stick it out."

The young man's faint smile was more eloquent than his words.

"I'm sorry if the seats are hard, lady, but we need that for first base!"

ROLAND COE

"Your encouragement is a great help, sir," he acknowledged. "You wouldn't care to have a look and see how I'm getting on?"

"I would rather wait. I have a busy day before me and I don't want to be distracted. What is the morning report from the hospital?"

"The operation will be this afternoon, sir."

"I would like to see Admiral Maddox during the day sometime when he is not engaged."

"I will send him word, sir," Hincks said as he took his leave.

CHESHIRE, once more alone, touched the ivory knob of one of the bells upon his desk. His typist-secretary, an attractive woman of early middle age and very capable appearance, re-entered the room almost immediately. She was carrying her notebook and pencil in her hand and she seated herself upon a stool near the desk.

"Deputy Commissioner Sir Herbert

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Melville to lunch with me at the St. George's Club at one o'clock. Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Express note to the sergeant-in-charge, West Kensington Police Station: 'The prisoner brought in last night by a representative of XYZ is to be charged with loitering and remanded. Remain in cell. No communication, on any pretext, with anyone outside. Representative of XYZ will be down presently and is to be permitted access.'

"A formal communication, also Express, on admiralty note paper to Messrs. Brown, Shipman & Co., Holborn: 'The undersigned requests that Mr. Horace Florestan be instructed to call here on receipt of this note. He is to ask for XYZ room. If Mr. Florestan is unavailable it is desired that a director of the firm should present himself.'

"Go yourself to General Mallinson as soon as you have attended to these matters. See him personally. Ask him to come direct to me. The letters can be signed by whoever is in charge of the general office and any replies brought to me."

"Commander Filbrick is in charge this morning, sir."

"Excellent."

HE WAVED her away. With a dozen books of reference around him, Cheshire worked for an hour upon what seemed to be an incomplete chart. By the end of that time Mallinson had arrived. Cheshire abandoned his work and swung round in his chair to face the newcomer.

"You're looking peaky," the latter remarked curiously.

"So would you, if you had been through what I have."

"Smell of disinfectant, too," the general continued, sniffing.

"Chloroform. I had quite an adventure last night, Mallinson."

The general frowned.

"Why the devil you take these jobs on alone I cannot imagine, Cheshire," he remonstrated. "You know quite well if anything happened to you the whole of your department would go phut. With Rawson gone there would be no one else to look to."

"You're a little bit difficult yourself that way, sometimes, Mallinson. Happen to remember that road between Aldershot and Camberley?"

"Shut up!" was the terse reply.

"Look here," Cheshire said, "we've got to put our heads together. You know that firm of shipping merchants we've had our eyes on for some time—Brown, Shipman & Co.?"

The other nodded.

"I was looking through my reports on them the other day," he said. "Apparently they do a colossal business."

"There is a mysterious sort of fellow connected with the firm," Cheshire went on. "Florestan is his name. They keep him altogether in the background, pretend he just buys and sells for them here and there, but I believe he is one of the principal figures in the whole organization. He is as clever as they make 'em, too. Although," Cheshire added meditatively, "he makes mistakes sometimes."

"As for instance?"

"Well, he and a confederate left me last night tied up and chloroformed in a cellar. Asinine thing to do. He'd much better have made a clean job of it. Of course the usual young lady came and cut the cords and opened the window and here I am! Even then, I got away from his moldy suburban house with difficulty."

"Pleasant sort of chap to have anything to do with," the general grunted.

"I also believe," Cheshire continued, "that this same house is a blind and that he has a suite on the other side of the Milan Hotel leading out onto the Embankment, where he lives like a prince. However, here's the point. I've got him already in two places. I've got him on last night's little affair and although there's still some mystery about that I feel convinced that he was at the back of the attack upon Meldicott. The motorcar outside the hospital was his, anyway, and I don't for a moment believe his story that it was stolen in the street while he was paying a call."

"Bright fellow, aren't you?" Mallinson declared with a smile.

"Forget it," the admiral snapped. "I'm not touching Florestan for the moment. It's my belief there are bigger things behind that man than anything we have run up against yet. There is no doubt that he is enormously involved with one of the European countries with whom we are in difficulties. He is working on a scheme that, if only we can get the hang of it, might put XYZ on the top of the world."

"When are you bringing him in?"

"That's the point. I don't want to bring him in just yet. His confederate was guarding the house where I was last night. By a fluke I got the best of him and I took him to the police station. I am going down there this afternoon to put him through it. I want to find out exactly where Florestan is, without putting him wise. I want him to go on with his schemes, whatever they may be. I hope to be in a position to put my hands on him tonight, if necessary. If he has left the country he is clever. I don't think he will try to get away. His job is here and he is the sort of man to stick to it until the end."

"Well, you are top dog in this," the general sighed. "You take a damn' lot of risks, though, Cheshire. I am afraid I should hand over the tracking down of this fellow Florestan to Melville. It's his job, anyway."

"I have gone so far with it that I don't feel like quitting, myself, altogether," Cheshire declared. "I have only seen him once in my life but I have got him summed up. The whole of this business connected with him is clear enough to me except why he left Meldicott alive and how he got hold of Rawson as he did, which is a matter I won't even discuss with you, at the moment, and certain details about the scheme he is at work upon. I am sending a dozen men to follow particular trails. That is being done through Melville, of course. They are going to watch the rooms I suspect he has under the name of Henry Copeland in the Milan. They are going to watch for Mrs. Florestan, who is in it, too. They are going to lay a network round all his haunts, but leave him alone until I give the word."

"Risky, risky!"

"Well, anyhow, you know the position now," Cheshire wound up. "The next thing I have to tell you is that I have sent for either Florestan or one of the partners in Brown, Shipman & Co., to come up here today. Florestan won't come, of course, but I am hoping to get a clue as to the larger business from the person who does come up. I would like you to stay here when he arrives."

One of the telephones upon the desk buzzed out a gentle summons. The admiral took up the receiver.

"A representative of Brown, Shipman & Co. is here, sir," his typist-secretary announced.

"You can send him in at once," Cheshire replied.

MR. LEONARD SHIPMAN, a jaunty young man in tweeds, was presently announced and shown into the bureau. Cheshire greeted him with marked affability, presented him to Mallinson and saw that he was installed in a chair.

"Very kind of you to come round, Mr. Shipman," he began. "We have had some business transactions with your

"WE ALL WONDERED HOW JACK DID IT TILL WE FOUND THIS EMPTY BOTTLE"
JACK HAD ANOTHER PARTY LAST NIGHT. HE'S CERTAINLY THE MOST POPULAR FELLOW IN THIS PART OF TOWN.
HE SURE IS! NOBODY EVER SENDS THEIR REGRETS WHEN JACK INVITES THEM OVER.
IT MUST BE EXPENSIVE TO ENTERTAIN THAT WAY, FOR HE SERVES GRAND DRINKS AND DOESN'T MAKE ANY MORE MONEY THAN WE DO.
HIS LIQUOR BILL MUST BE PLENTY HIGH.
LOOK, DICK, HERE'S THE ANSWER. JACK SERVES CRAB ORCHARD AND YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE THAT COSTS.
TWO DAYS LATER
SURE-AROUND A DOLLAR A PINT.
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY JACK CAN BE SO HOSPITABLE. BUT I NEVER REALIZED CRAB ORCHARD WAS SO GOOD.
NEITHER DID I, BUT STILL IT OUGHT TO BE GOOD. FOR IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON MADE THE QUALITY WAY.
"Crab Orchard" Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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firm that have been quite satisfactory."

"Glad to hear that, sir," the visitor replied, setting down his hat by the side of the chair and leaning a little forward. "We like government business when we can get it. The money is good and naturally we are interested in doing our best for the country."

"A very admirable spirit," Cheshire observed. "Tell me, you have a buyer in your firm, a very shrewd man, I should think—a Mr. Florestan?"

"Florestan is a wonderful chap," Shipman confided enthusiastically. "He's like quicksilver, too. It takes any of the others about a week to make up their minds before they start off on a business trip. Florestan is in Hamburg today, Newcastle the day after and on his way to the States at an hour's notice. He doesn't care where he goes. He's an expensive fellow, but he makes profits."

"Where is he, I wonder, just at the present moment?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure. He was in Newcastle sometime yesterday. We put in a bid for a large quantity of steel plates for the two new battleships they're building there. He went up to try to get a recommendation to purchase."

"Wonderfully enterprising fellow," Cheshire remarked. "Now I should like to ask you a question confidentially, Mr. Shipman."

"Go ahead," was the generous invitation.

"I take it that in view of the fact that the admiralty has placed some very large contracts in your hands, you are not doing business just now with any foreign country?"

THE young man shook his head.

"Not a ha'p'orth," he assured his questioner. "Florestan saw to that. I won't say we've not had offers, because we have. We are known as one of the largest dealers in metals in the world and naturally we are constantly being asked for bids. Nothing doing, except with England and the Colonies. We are holding almost the largest stock of nickel of anyone in the United Kingdom today. That was Florestan's idea. We have been buying steadily for six months."

"A great man, your representative," Mallinson remarked. "I really must meet him."

"He would be pleased to come and see you, I'm sure," the other declared, "as soon as this rush is over."

"Is he an Englishman?" Cheshire asked curiously.

"For anything I know to the contrary. He has a British passport. He's been with us for over twenty-five years. Of course, he's traveled so much on the Continent and he speaks all the languages so well that you might take him for almost anything."

"Is he a member of the firm?" Mallinson asked.

"We are incorporated," Shipman answered. "Last year the directors voted him ten thousand pounds' worth of shares as a recognition of his services. This year I think it will be twenty thousand—especially if you gentlemen come along with another contract or two."

"It looks as though we shall have to," Cheshire admitted. "That nickel is one of the things I wanted to talk to you about."

"I couldn't sign an offer in his absence."

"When could you bring him here, then, do you think? The contract would be worth having, you know. It would be worth your while trying to find out exactly where he is. I expect his wife would know."

"She seems to be away," Shipman confided. "There are half a dozen things we wanted to ask him about but there's been no reply from his house, although we've telephoned three or four times."

"He seems to be quite a mystery man," Mallinson said dryly.

"He does the business, anyhow," the young man pointed out. "He's been buying stocks of metals for two years now. We have several millions of money lying dead."

"So if there were no war—" Cheshire began.

The visitor forgot himself.

"Of course there will be war," he interrupted. "Why, I could tell you fellows something. I could tell the man who wrote this story in the Daily Mail something about that. You know it yourselves, though. These conversations are just a piffling waste of time. You mark my words, it won't be many weeks or many days either before you hear the hum of the big planes over London again."

"As soon as that?" Cheshire exclaimed with every demonstration of uneasiness.

"I'm obsessed with the idea, Doctor, that people are looking at me"

RICHARD DECKER

"I've got a little place myself in Surrey," Shipman continued. "It's right away from any factories—stands in a park of its own. All the same, I have had a shelter built there, a gasproof one, too, large enough for the whole family and staff. The first time I hear that buzzing in the air I'm off."

Mallinson coughed.

"HOW old are you, if it's not a rude question, Mr. Shipman?"

"It doesn't matter how old I am," was the somewhat truculent reply. "I'm a principal in one of the largest firms of metal dealers in England. I won't say the firm couldn't get on without me but they don't have to. I'm immune. So is Florestan, although he's getting very near the age limit, anyhow."

The admiral sighed.

"Well, I congratulate you, Mr. Shipman. It seems as though this war would mean another great fortune for your firm."

"We hope so."

"If," Cheshire went on, leaning a little forward, "you could possibly bring Mr. Florestan into this office within the next few days, I think I could get a contract signed for you for a large, a very large amount. We want nickel."

The young man looked thoughtfully at the toes of his shoes.

"Florestan doesn't like any of us others interfering with his business," he confessed. "I doubt whether he would come even with me. Of course, I'll try, if you like, as soon as we hear from him."

CHESHIRE frowned for a moment or two in thoughtful silence.

"What would happen to your business, Mr. Shipman," he asked abruptly, "if this wonderful representative of yours were not to return from one of these mysterious journeys?"

The visitor was taken aback.

"Not return?" he repeated. "I don't know what you mean."

"If he were to meet with an accident or some foreigner were to get hold of him and realize that he had become a very important feature in a portion of our rearmament scheme. Strange things in that way have happened, you know."

The young man was visibly disturbed.

"You have not heard anything about him yourselves?" he asked suspiciously. "There has not been any trouble we don't know about?"

The admiral shook his head.

"No, Mr. Shipman. But a rather queer thing has happened that came to my knowledge by accident, and seems to suggest that Florestan has concerns outside the business of Brown, Shipman & Co."

The young man met Cheshire's keen gaze without any signs of embarrassment.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he declared. "Frankly, I don't. What time has Florestan got to poke his nose into other concerns, I'd like to know? You've got him wrong. That's a certainty."

Cheshire stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"You may have read in the paper yesterday," he said, "about a somewhat singular happening. A man was discovered in a dying state in a motorcar outside St. George's Hospital."

"I read that all right," Shipman admitted, "and Mr. Brown was saying something about it this morning. One paper hinted that the person in a dying state was someone of importance."

Cheshire nodded.

"Well, the car, although there were some false numbers upon it, belonged to Florestan."

There was no longer any doubt whatever but that the visitor was as innocent as he appeared. There was nothing feigned about his laugh of derision.

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Florestan had his first afternoon off for weeks on Saturday and on Sunday he always plays golf near where he lives. You are not going to try to kid me that he is one of these gangster fellows?"

"It does seem ridiculous, doesn't it?" Cheshire remarked. "But this much is the truth, Mr. Shipman: Florestan left his home in Kensington that night after having received a telephone call, took out the car without telling his wife or family, and disappeared. Now, have you seen him since Sunday night?"

"There was no need for me to see him. He left word that he would be going to Newcastle."

"Will you be so kind as to telephone to Newcastle and see if he went there?"

"But I don't know for certain where he was going in Newcastle. Armstrong's was one place, I believe."

"I think so," Cheshire observed. "And there's a department of Armstrong's that admits they have had dealings with Mr. Florestan on your behalf. All the same, they have seen nothing of him lately."

THE young man meditated for a moment.

"He must have left the car somewhere and it was stolen."

"That is a possibility," Cheshire admitted. "But what I am coming to is this: Mr. Florestan has been engaged in some large transactions with a department of the admiralty. We do not wish the limelight turned upon him too fully. We should like you to go back to your office and try to find out by the correspondence there or the information of any of your staff where Mr. Florestan is likely to be. We don't want a fuss made about his disappearance, if he has disappeared, but we want Horace Florestan."

For the first time, Shipman, having recovered from the shock of his astonishment, seemed to be taking the situation seriously.

"If anything has happened to Florestan," he declared, "I don't know how on earth we shall carry on. I always told old Brown that we left too much in his hands."

"You go back," Cheshire enjoined, "and make every possible inquiry at your place, then send me a report. Let me have it before three o'clock this afternoon."

The young man rose to his feet and picked up his hat.

"I'll do what I can about it," he promised, "but as to that car being Florestan's and the man having been shot in it—that's all rubbish, you know. It simply could not have happened."

"It seems improbable, doesn't it?" Cheshire remarked, with his finger on the bell.

Shipman hesitated for a moment on his way to the door.

"Say, who was the person in the car?" he asked curiously.

"There is no certainty about that, but it's just possible, from what I have heard, that he might have been a very large customer of your firm's."

The other grinned as though much relieved.

"One thing I can tell you about Florestan," he said as he turned to follow the orderly from the room; "he was not the man to go about the world shooting our customers! Good morning, gentlemen."

(To be continued next week)

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The Lord will Provide—for England

Continued from page 17

Channel was as wide as the Atlantic; for once you heard the danger named. The Opposition, sitting on the left of that narrow wood-paneled hall, began shouting: "Where's the Prime Minister; where's the Prime Minister?" and there was anger in their voices. The galleries were jammed. Beneath the speaker's gallery was the great table where the speaker himself presides, and on the government side, Oliver Stanley had his long thin legs hiked up on the table, and farther down to the left was the handsome white head of Lloyd George and across from him, on the government side, was Winston Churchill, with the plump, witty face. Major Attlee, the leader of the Opposition, pale and thin, with a scholar's shoulders, rose to speak, and the House hushed: "All of us would do anything we can to keep this country from war . . ." "Hear! Hear!" from both sides of the room. "If the Prime Minister says he cannot protect the lives of British sailors, he'll be the first Prime Minister in one hundred years to say it. . . . The plain fact is that the Prime Minister has backed Franco to win. . . ." They were talking about the bombed British ships, but what mattered was: is this government keeping us out of war, or getting us into it, worse and deeper? The place was tight with anger. Mr. Chamberlain spoke carefully, not frankly, and suddenly from the public balconies, loud, surprising voices rose. "We're sailors," one of them shouted, "and the Prime Minister says Franco can murder us." "We want justice," another screamed. Then a man called out, with the attendants holding his legs and arms and muffling his mouth: "Social Credit is the only way," and laughter ran through the House.

Down in the Commons' bar, after the session, comments moved quickly among the journalists and M.P.'s. "Perhaps the government should just clean up the monuments and things and turn England into a tourist country." "Maybe we ought to grow bulbs and have galleries full of Rembrandts and be like Holland: they say Holland was a great maritime power once." "Did you ever see such a deplorable fizzle?" "You people just want to get us into war: you're all Reds . . ."

Talking about the possibility of war is called "war-mongering" and not a nice thing to do. But nevertheless all England speaks of air-raid precautions. In England, you can easily prepare on a national scale against air raids, without talking or thinking about war, and without wondering where the raids will come from, when or why.

When the Bombs Start to Fall

The Home Secretary appealed for one million civilian volunteers to carry out the Air Raid Precautions plan. There are to be 600,000 A.R.P. wardens, citizens of over thirty, respected in the community, who cannot undertake active military service; their duty will be to direct the population of England and avert panic when the bombs begin to fall. These wardens are also liaison officers between all the other A.R.P. services. For instance, they must summon the A.R.P. fire brigade, which will help the regular firemen to fight incendiary bombs. (The English government seems to remember Guernica, and how it stood like a black skeleton in the Basque country after the Junkers passed over.) The wardens will also call the A.R.P. First Aid unit—250,000 doctors, nurses and ambulance drivers throughout the country—who are supposed to give immediate care to bomb victims. (But it's sorry work. When a city is bombed, houses collapse and there is little to do for the people who scream until they die. It is sometimes even hard to decide who the dead are, because bombs make very big and very messy explosions. It's sad work for a doctor who has spent his life trying to fit people for a healthy life.) The wardens must also send the Evacuation and Decontamination squads to the places where they are needed. These squads are not volunteers, but trained municipal servants—street sweepers, sewer inspectors, garbage collectors, city workmen—who have the job of collecting debris after bombings, washing the streets after gas attacks, propping up the gutted and collapsing houses, and digging out the bodies of the dead. (And all the time you're digging, the planes are there, and it is strange how dark a city gets even on a sunny day, when the bombs fall, and it is horrible how slowly men work when they are trying to lift the bricks and cement, the granite and wood and steel of caved-in buildings off the bodies of still-living people. It is also very sad to prop up a house, while the people who once lived in it wait in tragic bewildered silence on the pavement, wondering where they will live next.)

You Just Go Home—and Wait

England is gas-conscious. There are forty million gas masks already stored in government depots, and all over England people are being fitted with the ordinary civilian gas mask, which sells for about 75 cents and will be given away free in time of war. The ordinary gas mask is a small rubber affair, with isinglass over the eyes, a boxlike snout that contains the filter to keep out gas (but you can exhale tobacco smoke through the mask, which makes some people suspect that the masks are not exactly 100% safe) and a narrow face-covering to keep the mask on. ("Of course you can get burned in it by mustard gas," said the salesman, "but then you can get burned in all of them.")

It is not sure at all that gas is a practical weapon against civilian populations, but it has been proved in Spain and China that a 500-pound bomb is a real horror. However, underground shelters against high-explosive bombs are not being built, because they are too expensive; and the main plan of A.R.P. is dispersal, which means that when the sirens howl out the warning, the citizens of England are supposed to go home and wait and try to think about something else. The people are told that they can make their homes gasproof by sticking old rags and strips of adhesive tape over leaky walls, and can keep their windowpanes from shattering when bombs fall in the neighborhood by pasting three sheets of cellophane over their windows. They are sold (for $7.50) a sand bucket and a shovel and a small fire hose: the idea is that you hurry forth (perhaps wearing dark glasses against the glare of burning London) with the shovel and scoop up an incendiary bomb and plop it into the sand bucket and then turn on the fire hose. Seven booklets are put out by the Home Office, to teach people how to behave during air raids, easy lessons for beginners. Also, you are informed in advance that—if you work in A.R.P. —you get $5,000 if you die or are blinded, or lose both feet or a hand and a foot. You get $2,500 if you are half blind or lose only one foot or hand, and so down the list of miseries.

In fact, A.R.P. is not the joke that

Confident of Loveliness?

—not unless you are sure that the dentifrice you use provides quick, complete refreshment to your mouth, gums and teeth

Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

AFTER EVERY MEAL, food particles are bound to lodge in many tiny crevices in and between your teeth. There they may ferment, forming the destructive acids that attack enamel, and are a common factor in tooth decay.

Without adequate care, natural brilliance is soon lost, and fermentation often becomes the cause of an unattractive breath and disagreeable taste.

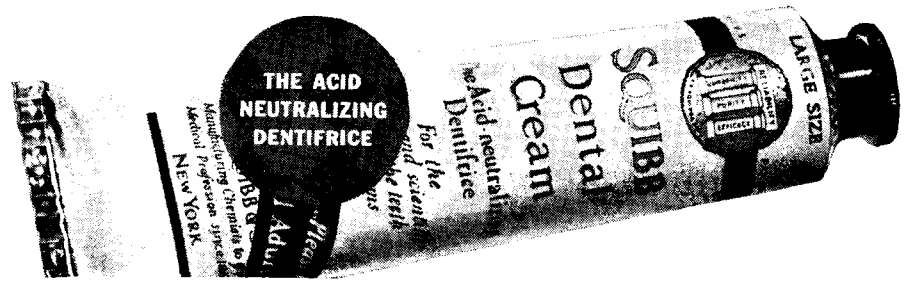
This is why you should fight acid when you brush your teeth, and why Squibb Dental Cream is made with a safe, scientific antacid. It penetrates into many tiny crevices where brushing cannot reach, and neutralizes the acids of decay wherever it comes in contact with them.

Start using Squibb Dental Cream today. Use it regularly—after every meal. See how beautifully it cleans. Note the feeling of quick refreshment—the sense of cleanliness—throughout your mouth.

Squibb Dental Cream is a scientific product of the Squibb laboratories. Get it from your druggist, in the large economical tube, and don't forget that, by the daily use of Squibb Dental Cream and adequate professional service, most tooth decay can be prevented.

FOR THOSE WHO PREFER POWDER. Squibb Tooth Powder contains the same essential ingredients as Squibb Dental Cream.

SQUIBB *Dental Cream*



The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

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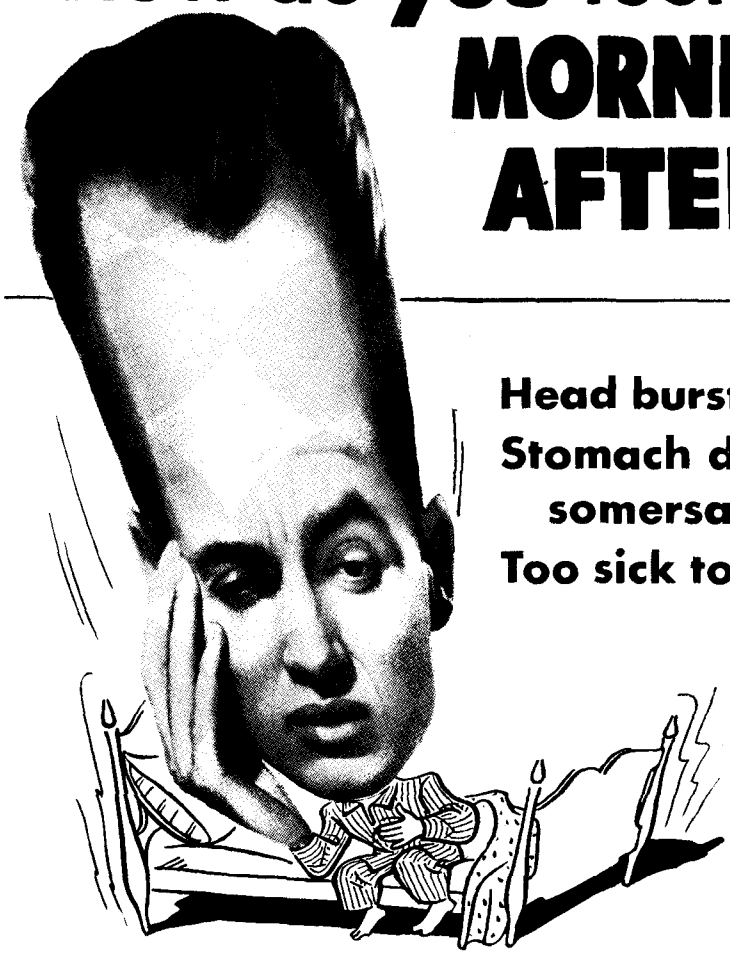
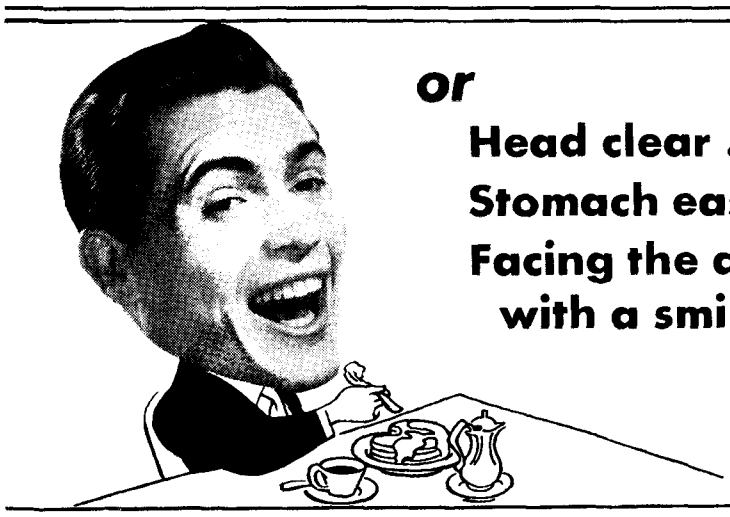
How do you feel the MORNING AFTER?



Head bursting . . .
Stomach doing somersaults . . .
Too sick to work?



or

Head clear . . .
Stomach easy . . .
Facing the day with a smile?

WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

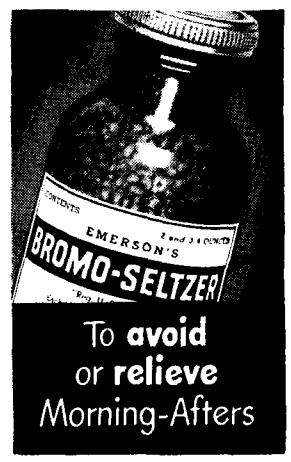
BEFORE BEDTIME
take a refreshing glass of Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, this gentle remedy counteracts the effects of overindulgence—helps prevent a headache next morning.

AFTER WAKING
another Bromo-Seltzer relieves the effects of fatigue caused by shortened hours of sleep . . . leaves you feeling refreshed, peppier, more ready for work or play.

IF YOU WAKE with a "head," Bromo-Seltzer will *ease* it faster, a group of doctors found, than any other remedy they tested.

But why not *avoid* this misery? Bromo-Seltzer at night settles your stomach, relaxes jittery nerves and ALKALIZES.

It's swell to wake clear-headed! Then, in the morning, another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes you, leaves you more alert! At all drugstores and soda fountains. Be sure to keep it handy at home, too!



To **avoid** or **relieve** Morning-Afters

BROMO-SELTZER

people think and say it is, though as adequate precaution against air raids it is far from perfect. But the usefulness of it is propaganda: the people are being accustomed to the idea of war, after twenty years of excellent and effective peace propaganda on the part of pacifists and League of Nations supporters. Also, the government very likely feels that a prepared civilian England cannot be terrorized into demanding a quick armistice. Moreover, this huge organization of personnel means that everyone in England will be under surveillance by some government authority, and when the air-raid wardens are instructed to keep up the "morale" of the people, it is no idle order.

Meantime classes go on all over England, teaching citizens how to act while being bombed. One particular class was being held in the home of a peeress, and the butler was very busy finding pencils for the ladies who had forgotten to bring theirs. You paid to join the class, thus insuring that no strangers would get in and worry you while taking notes. The lecturer was instructing the ladies (all attentive, the feathered hats and veils bowed over notebooks) on air-raid warnings. His voice, cool and educated, droned over the pale green drawing room: "the alarm will be two minutes of a varying note on the sirens—the all-clear is two minutes of a steady note—have you got that?—the warning for gas attacks will be given by the police and the air-raid wardens, who are to sound rattles. Of course you can't smoke in your shelter rooms, because of saving oxygen—it would be just as well to take tinned foods with you into your shelters, and as you're going to be down there for some little time, you might as well take games that can be played without physical exertion . . ." I thought of the people of Spain, the dark-faced women, drawn with hunger and anxiety, standing in doorways as the bombers passed over, silver and immaculate, dropping death. I thought of the crazy-eyed children running through the streets in hope of shelter and of the old people who could not run. I also thought that in Spain no one ever had time to think of panic, and that I had never heard anyone suggest taking games into a bomb cellar, where hundreds of desperately silent people wait for the planes to pass. I remembered how we stood on the balcony in the dawn in Barcelona and watched the searchlights hunting, and listened to the explosions, and never went anywhere for safety, believing that with bombers over a city you are lucky or nothing.

A Boon to Business

Reflecting on these things, I heard a voice and looked up to see a white-haired lady with small pearls in her ears, saying somewhat crossly to the lecturer, "I do think ten minutes is an awfully small warning; it doesn't give you much time to turn off the lights and close the windows and get everything ready to go down into the shelter." Whereupon the lecturer said apologetically, "Well, I'm afraid you'll have to expect that." The English are fortunate, I thought, they haven't any imagination at all. I asked the gentlewoman who was secretary of this course (and she stared at me) whether anyone here knew what was being talked about: had any of them considered Spain and China. Had anyone the remotest idea of the exhausting, persistent menace of death from the air. She said: "You do lifeboat drill on a ship, don't you, but you don't expect the ship to sink. . . ."

The poor are pretty indifferent to all this: they haven't the money to buy gas-proof rooms and have no gardens in which to sink bombproof cellars, and besides they aren't told very much, because there's no use disturbing them. But at John Lewis, Silk Mercers, in London, you can get your sitting room gas-proofed for a minimum $60 and up to $2,500; you can buy an oilskin suit, like a fisherman's, that has been specially treated against gas, and in which you will look a fright but never mind, for about $15; you can buy a really efficient gas mask for the same sum, and you can buy special electric torches and air purifiers and all sorts of contraptions. Business is booming.

Another firm called Air Guard Limited will build you a cozy cellar against high-explosive bombs in your garden, where four people can be quite at home, for $500. And if you have the money you can live in Bentinck Close, out near Regent's Park, a "lovely location" as the agent will tell you, where there is a fine gas- and bombproof cellar provided for the tenants. The prospectus of this apartment house prints a map of the bombproof cellar with all details: there are lockers and bunks and shower rooms and special air purifiers. As the minimum rent is $2,150 a year, not many young people live there.

London Must Be Protected

The organized Left complains bitterly about A.R.P., saying that the rich can buy individual protection in cities, or else leave for safer areas, but that the poor are stuck with three sheets of cellophane as protection against high-explosive bombs. Moreover, as Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Labor M.P., asked, "Is the government aware of how the women of the country feel at having this matter of grave importance to them all put entirely into the hands of society ladies and debutantes." Besides this sort of comment, there are endless jokes: the young man-about-town who suggested that the next great scandal would be when a duchess, with inkstained fingers, was caught cheating at her A.R.P. warden exams. . . . But despite talk, A.R.P. goes on, and it is the greatest peacetime effort England has ever made to prepare her people for the idea of war.

Obviously, no one, except the general staff and other responsible authorities, knows exactly what England will do in time of war. However, the main effort now is to protect England, the heart of the empire, and London, the heart of England. It is generally felt that if London were knocked out, by successive surprise air raids in the early days of a war, everything would go to pot. So the plans of England are defensive: England is going to protect itself first.

On authority, one learns that the east coast is protected by a triple line of defense: this defense consists in airfields, from which fighting planes can rise for immediate combat, antiaircraft guns and searchlights. The air force, as far as can be determined, is 2,382 planes of which 1,500 are stationed in England. The latest fighter, called the Hawker Hurricane, is supposed to have a speed of 400 miles an hour and probably hasn't. At any rate, as various pilots point out, it is doubtful whether a man (and after all a pilot cannot be constructed but has only regulation heart and lungs) could fight at that speed. Everybody knows that pilots can and often do lose consciousness momentarily, rounding pylons. If a plane cruises at 400 m.p.h., it would be diving and maneuvering at a superior speed. All this is speculation; the people who know about the Hawker Hurricanes are those who make them and run them. At any rate, this plane is the present flower of the combat air force, and one of the mainstays in the defense scheme.

The gun that is to bring down enemy planes is the famous 3.7 gun, of which there are supposed to be twelve in England, and about which talk rages in the press and Commons. A military author-

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ity estimates the ceiling of this gun at 40,000 feet; it is stated to have a shell-burst four times as great as that of the old 3-inch guns, and the time of flight of the shell between gun and target is supposed to be halved. All of which means that it's a dangerous gun, with the highest ceiling and the largest shell-burst of any now made, and if there are 1,000 of them, as desired, it would be extremely uncomfortable for enemy planes to fly over England. The air defense is being enlarged into five divisions, with a man power of 100,000. The duty of these men will be to serve the antiaircraft guns and work the searchlight barrage.

The searchlights are the third defense measure: it is planned to have England so organized that planes flying in from the sea would be caught in a beam of light immediately and would be carried, from searchlight battery to searchlight battery, in an unending band of light all the way inland. Presumably, this same system of airfields, gun and searchlight batteries would encircle important manufacturing cities and be cross-stitched across Great Britain. Coupled with planes, guns and lights are the sound detectors, located in greatest profusion along the east coast, from which direction the enemy will come; they will serve to warn both the army defense forces and the civilian population. The worry of all Englishmen who think about it is: have we enough planes, guns, searchlights, sound detectors and men trained to handle these things? The answer they give you is: No.

Preparations on Every Hand

Germany is supposed to have 2,600 planes and an air force of 130,000 men. Italy is supposed to have 2,100 planes and 50,000 in its air force. So England is building planes like mad and trying to increase the personnel of her air force from its present 83,000 as rapidly as possible, and meanwhile England stalls, for all the world to see, and her people say: Well, in a year we'll be ready. . . .

Various other defense measures are talked about. There is the famous and fantastic balloon barrage. The idea is to send up a fleet of small balloons, hitched together, which will float at a certain height. They could be a sort of fence along the coast, or a circular aerial wall above London, or both. Hanging from these balloons, which will be resting in the ether about 3,000 meters or more high, will be steel cables, like the railings in an iron fence but very long. If you hit a bird, going 400 m.p.h. in the air, it can be fatal. It is evident that if the balloon barrage stayed in place (and people seem to think it can be perfectly controlled) it would create a deadly obstacle. At best it would make night flying suicidal, and at the least it would keep enemy planes so high that they could not do accurate bombing.

There is also mention of the possible evacuation of London and the Channel coast, the moving of factories to the west coast, where supposedly they would be out of range of bombers. There is likewise talk of underground petrol and arms depots on the west coast. You cannot find out to what extent work has started on camouflaging or building underground munitions factories.

England needs 50,000 tons of imported food per day, and must control the seas or give up. When the new and rushed construction program is completed, England will have an approximate 399 naval units: capital ships, destroyers, cruisers, aircraft carriers, etc. The fleet would probably again blockade the North Sea, but no one seems too concerned over the Mediterranean. You are told that after all, England hasn't always had the Suez Canal, and that commerce could be diverted around the Cape of Good Hope and be protected as it crossed the Atlantic (not hostile water anyhow, until nearing England) by the fleet. You are told that the Mediterranean could simply be bottled up, and there—you suppose—the Italian fleet would harry French communications with Africa, but that is the lookout of the French.

It is assumed that a blockade of the North Sea would greatly help England's allies (a very sound assumption, considering the last war) and that England would also send an air force to the Continent to aid her allies. You do not hear any plans for shipping a huge land army to the Continent, as was done in the last war, and Captain Liddell Hart, one of England's ranking military authorities, strongly warns against sending a large land army abroad. The English have always had the privilege of fighting their wars somewhere else, but now England is preparing to fight in her own air, over her own fields and cities, and the prospect is pleasing to no one.

The soundest reasoning of those who do not believe in an oncoming war goes like this: You bomb Sheffield, we bomb Cologne; you bomb Newcastle, we bomb the Saar. Who gets anything? It's equal, hopeless, crazy, and no one is going to start it. . . . As one prominent military man said: "No one can really win a war now. The only hope is to convince your adversary first that he certainly can't win it."

We went to call on the swellest bit of army I ever saw. The Territorial Army is all volunteer, and in time of war it would be rushed into the defense of England. A thousand of these Territorials belong to the Honorable Artillery Company, which has its headquarters in the financial center of London, the City, and drills on a smooth stretch of green lawn, whose turf is no doubt worth its weight in gold. You cannot get into the Honorable Artillery Company unless you are proposed and seconded, as if you were joining a swank club. It is really an officers' training school; in time of war more than 60 per cent of their men get commissions. At six o'clock in the evening the young stockbrokers begin drifting in with their rolled umbrellas, derby hats and stiff collars, and presently they emerge on the lawn in khaki mechanic uniforms to drill. They must go to fifty evening drills a year for four years, and to two-weeks camp per year and then they are graduated, so to speak, and put on the reserve list. After an evening's drill, they meet in a long, low dining room and eat excellent food, and later go into the great hall, where their old flags hang in lacy blackened shreds from the paneled walls and have their drinks and the comfortable snobbish feeling of belonging to the oldest military organization in the world.

And Still Nobody Wonders

Conversation ran like this. The colonel: "There's been a great revolution in English thought in the last few years."

I: "Really?"

The colonel: "Yes. A few years ago everyone was pacifist and soppy but now they're coming round to seeing reason."

The lieutenant: "Everybody's fighting disarmament. A really strong army will keep us out of war."

The captain: "We're twenty per cent overstrength right now. There was a rush of recruiting, after Hitler went into Austria."

The lieutenant: "We had some of those Nazi chaps over here last week, Gruppenfuehrer, I think they're called. Very nice people. Had a fine time with them. They thought our miniature gun range a marvel."

But no one wondered whom England was arming against, or whom England was trying to stay out of war with, or what a war might be about.

The auxiliary air force, a civilian

1
This dinosaur was shaped like a kangaroo and had a powerful horny nose. He is called Iguanodon. Picture him in . . .
2
. . . the world of millions of years ago. Then consider this fact — before Iguanodon lived, Nature had begun mellowing and filtering the famous Bradford-Allegany crude. This crude is used 100% in . . .
3
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volunteer branch of the regular air force, consists of 13 squadrons, with airfields throughout England. One combat group has its planes and clubroom at Hendon and we went there to lunch with some young gentlemen who are pilots. Like the Honorable Artillery Company, this particular squadron is very chic. The gentlemen pilots were delightful and would speak of anything but war. They come out and fly during week ends, and those who do not work fly almost all the time. There is a theory that boys of nineteen make the best pilots and some qualifications are whether you drive a fast car, ride to hounds or ski, all dangerous and expensive sports.

So England for one year alone spends $1,715,000,000 rearming. And young men volunteer for the land and air forces and civilians join in Air Raid Precautions work, and the regular army and navy recruit. But such questions as, Where is the war coming from, and why? When will it happen? What will bring it about, and can it be stopped? are not common questions at all. An old war horse, a retired colonel with a game leg, showing me gas-mask depots, said: "You just declare war and get together some redcoats and some brass bands and there'll be no trouble recruiting. People didn't know what they were fighting about in the last war, and they won't know in this one, and no one asks. Why should they?"

I drove north to Newcastle, through that smoky belt of cities where armaments are manufactured, through Coventry, Birmingham, Middlesborough, Stockton and Sheffield. I believed that if I went where the planes and guns, the tanks and shells, the ships and bombs were being made, I'd find people thinking and talking, asking themselves what all this was about, this rush and boom, this prosperity built on destruction. I was, however, wrong.

This is England

In Coventry, they were having a parade with floats, to raise money for the local hospital. A lady with a huge muslin rose like a headlamp on her hat, standing in the crowd, started the conversation. A float had just passed called "The League of Notions," and thereupon she remarked that people who fought against bolshies were the only ones who were really trying to protect England. From that she went into A.R.P. Lady Beatrice Something-or-Other, the local aristocrat, was apparently heading up the good work, and my friend remarked: "I always think blue blood tells, don't you?" I said I knew very little about the subject. Then I spoke of recruiting, and she said: "Of course the young men all say they won't fight, but they will as soon as it starts." And meanwhile the parade went on with gypsy floats and Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs and everything you can name, and Coventry is rich because cars are built here and planes, and everyone has work and money to spend and hoop-la for tomorrow.

In a Birmingham pub, the truck driver, with tobacco-stained stringy mustaches, said proudly, over his beer. "The old country can't be beat." A sailor came in and sat down at the next table with two women. The first woman said to the second, "Don't your feet ache, dearie?" From that a discussion of the weather started that interested everyone. The second woman wore rimmed glasses and black cotton gloves and was fat and a charwoman, and full of spirit. She was ready to fight all England's enemies but wasn't clear as to who exactly had bombed those boats in Spain, anyhow it was a scandal. Two old people came in, sat down, ordered beer and drank it in total silence. They had very white hair and steady, unseeing blue eyes, both of them. This was Saturday night and the pub would stay open until ten and everyone was having a fine time. They all spoke to one another practically in whispers, very shy. No one was reading a newspaper, and no one talked politics. (Remember Czechoslovakia, the papers eagerly read and the speculation? We're on an island now, and the world is someplace else. This is England and tomorrow there is probably a cricket match.)

And all the way, forever and ever, the two-story brick houses, growing straight out of the earth, each one like the last and all attached together. Fairly solid, fairly comfortable, quite cheap to rent, and horribly ugly. And the smokestacks against the sky, and the grimy town, and the pale factory people.

Land Without Fear

At Stockton, in the square, hemmed in by Penny's Bank and Barclay's and the National Provincial Bank, the Communist party was having a meeting. The speaker was hoarse and the crowd apathetic and it looked like rain. The dingy City lay in flat brick streets out from the square. "The English flag does not protect English sailors," the speaker shouted, but no one seemed to care. A young man in tweeds, selling Communist pamphlets, started a conversation. It sounded like a bad mystery thriller and was as depressing as the scenery: "Germany could drop an army onto English soil from these new bombers, and if we were attacked we'd fight like the Spanish people. If we're going to be aggressors and sent over to fight Germany, then we'd join up and spread sedition in the ranks. The Communist party doesn't want war with anybody, even Germany."

At Newcastle, a man who looked charmingly like Santa Claus, the president of a union of a million and a half shipwrights, told me: "We go to the government and say: 'You ask us to make these armaments, but what for? Who's the enemy? What's the danger?' All they'll say is: 'We want two years' production in one. We don't know anything.'" With great weariness he said: "I address mass meetings and tell the workers that the peace of the world depends on our foreign policy and they begin to read the racing news."

For three miles the Vickers-Armstrong plant stretches sootily along the Newcastle road. In a pub across from the factory gate, some workers were having a noonday beer. I asked an old woman with a frizzled permanent, who was drinking with them, if she had a gas mask. She roared with laughter and said she'd lived right here opposite the factory for twenty years and never had a gas mask and the only time she'd been gassed was on beer. The young cop on point duty outside remarked that he didn't mind whether there was a war or not; it'd be a bit of a change. He didn't think, however, that he'd see France; he thought they'd be going direct to Germany. . . . And opposite the Vickers plant is a school, and all around are the homes of the workers, and everyone knows (or so you'd have thought) that munitions factories are targets for bombers—and there is Newcastle on the coast near the North Sea, but who was worrying?

The A.R.P. headquarters of Newcastle are in a fashionable neighborhood, and formerly this was the house of a noble lord. Now the basement is full of gas masks, and trenches are being dug in the garden, and in the back courtyard is a little doll's house affair where you can practice being gassed, with your gas mask on. "Nobody will start a war," said the Aid Raid Warden, confidently, "because we shall be too strong."

The shipyards are doing a huge business. The steel-gray director of one of the great firms received us, and was very surprised when asked whether he thought he was building these destroyers, cruisers, battleships for use or for looks. He hadn't bothered about it; that was the politicians' job. "If a war started, we'd all march," he said. "But it's not my business to think about it."

In Sheffield, having been politely but firmly removed from an arms factory, I went to visit the A.R.P. office. I heard such titbits as that builders were digging bombproof cellars into gardens, to attract buyers to new houses, and that a large block of flats that catered to the clerk-employee class had a bombproof cellar but no one had asked to see it. "People see how easy it is to protect themselves," the A.R.P. official said, removing his pince-nez (after some more talk about cellophane), "so they aren't afraid."

"They'd better be," I said. "Sheffield is twelve minutes by air from the coast. And it's the biggest arms center in England, isn't it, and what do you suppose bombers are after?"

"Hey, Boss — I just landed old Patterson!"

KIRK STILES

"The government must know what it's doing," he said, with dignity.

I remembered all the others in busses and bars and drawing rooms and clubs. I remembered the young man with a famous name, saying: "Of course we run England but we do it very well. There isn't a war yet, is there? And if there is one, we'll win it." The truck driver had also said: "This country can't be beat." Everyone who hadn't said it thought it. I remembered the cook, rather startling in a large black straw hat, coming to get the day's orders, and her comments on the world: "I'm sure Sir Samuel Hoare—that's the Prime Minister, isn't it, Modom?—is doing his very best for us." It didn't matter that Sir Samuel wasn't Prime Minister; after all, millions of her fellow countrymen shared her view. I thought of the lady M.P. remarking over coffee: "All this A.R.P. talk is horrid, it just makes people war-mad. No one's going to bomb London. Nonsense. Why should they?" It rose from England like mist; it was as real as the London fog: *everything's going to be all right—somehow.* And at last I thought, well, they certainly believe it, so maybe it's true: the Lord will provide for England.

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Troubled Star

Continued from page 21

Her will flickered out. Somehow this had become Alec's burden, and through the storm-lashed hundred yards that remained she was in a kind of lethargy. He half lifted her into the little shack, switched on the light, and inspected her with an almost hostile intensity. "Drenched—your teeth chattering. You'll have to dry those clothes." He led her into the small bedroom, got out a bathrobe. "Take a hot shower, Suzanne. I'll build a fire." She was able to protest, "This is just nerves, Alec," but he cut her short: "Maybe it is. Do what I tell you."

He seemed to be right, for the steaming shower brought back self-control, something of stoicism, even a wan courage. Was it only six weeks ago she had been lamenting that she could feel nothing—who in one-half hour could be swept by emotions so various and volcanic? She put on Alec's shabby silk bathrobe, over the underwear that alone of her clothes was dry, and carried the rest out to the other room, where he had the fireplace blazing furiously. That warmth, too, was very welcome when he pulled a chair up to it for her. He would not let her speak but poured her a drink of whisky—from the same bottle of that other incredible night a month ago, or a lifetime ago. He said, "Drink it all, Suzanne; you need it." Submissively, she drank it as fast as she could.

But he was wise! Hot water and crackling fire and whisky had dulled the barb of her alarm.

He pulled up another chair, sat down and said, "Tell me about it, Suzanne."

She could speak calmly now, recalling every word of that letter. He copied it in a notebook and questioned her—uselessly. She could only say that it had been with other letters in Carl's box, that it was the same writing, the same paper she knew so well. Her stark terror did not come back, but merely to talk about it raised that black wall of menace. Here in this wretched little room with a storm driving rain against the windows, and Alec listening ever so attentively and asking questions—and beyond the storm some malignant, evil thing searching out her private life, bent on her destruction.

SHE contrived to express some fraction of this fear. Alec's face was somber and he nodded. "Yes, something is going on. Something that may not be as dreadful as it seems, but something." He faced her. "Your second letter and this one to Gilson are threats—and so felonies. There's only one intelligent thing to do. Take them to your father, tell him what you're afraid of, tell him the shameful secret that you were once married, and have him put everything in the hands of the police."

Repudiation rose to her lips, but Alec raised a hand. "I know, Suzanne. It's the one intelligent thing—but you're too stubborn and too proud to do it. All right, that's out. So I'll take charge and put a stop to it somehow. I'll bungle it too."

"You won't bungle it, Alec." She had that assurance. Her fear was as tangible as the warmth on her arms but, somehow, she had brought it to the right place.

He said, "This letter says Gilson has been making love to you. Has he?"

She met his eyes. "Yes."

He looked away, got up and poked the fire. "Well," he said, "God knows how I can investigate, but I've signed up. I'll find out for you. It isn't sure there's anything to be afraid of—so try not to be afraid."

The poker stopped jabbing at the fire, and Alec was looking at the tip of it, seeing heaven knew what. His face was troubled and sad. That was the way he had looked in those final, heartbreaking week ends six years ago, when everything always ended in their quarreling and helplessly wounding each other. Except that his face had grown sterner, somehow disappointed, somehow hopeless. An inexplicable gentleness woke in Susanna. How tender and how cruel they had been!

Susanna abruptly stood up. "I'll get dressed and you can take me home." A quaver in her voice betrayed her. Alec stepped to her side. His eyes were desperate and lost. She could have stopped it by taking one step backward, by raising a hand. He took her in his arms and kissed her, and her lips answered, and still she did not take that one step. His arms dropped and he turned away.

"That's unforgivable," he said. "It won't happen again. I'm sorry, Suzanne."

"It doesn't matter," she said despondently. But, gathering up her clothes, fleeing precipitately to the bedroom, closing the firelit room away, thinking how recently her lips had warmed to Carl Gilson's kiss, she could not shut out the humiliating truth. She could have stopped that kiss and had not stopped it. She had not wanted to.

THE legislature had met and the three bills for the reorganization of Morrison finances had been introduced and gone to committee. Emery read all the Benton papers and understood why President Bradford was away. Professor Peters of the Law School was in Benton too, and doubtless other college dignities. Morrison had its lobby, just like a railroad or a gambling racket. And that was why the Zimmerman papers were howling and moaning about Morrison again. It was hard to find sense in politics. Somehow Henry Zimmerman would take a licking if the bills passed, and if he took that licking maybe he could never be a senator. If that makes sense, Emery thought, you find it for me.

He reread the editorial in the Benton Herald, Zimmerman's biggest paper. Two columns, double-leaded, boldface. The Herald's point seemed to be, roughly, that Stephen Bradford had been brought from a home for the criminally insane to become president of Morrison.

Alec Cornish came into the office and sat down. He took from his pocket a piece of copy paper that had been crumpled and smoothed out again, and, laying it before Emery, said, "Offhand, would you recognize that handwriting?"

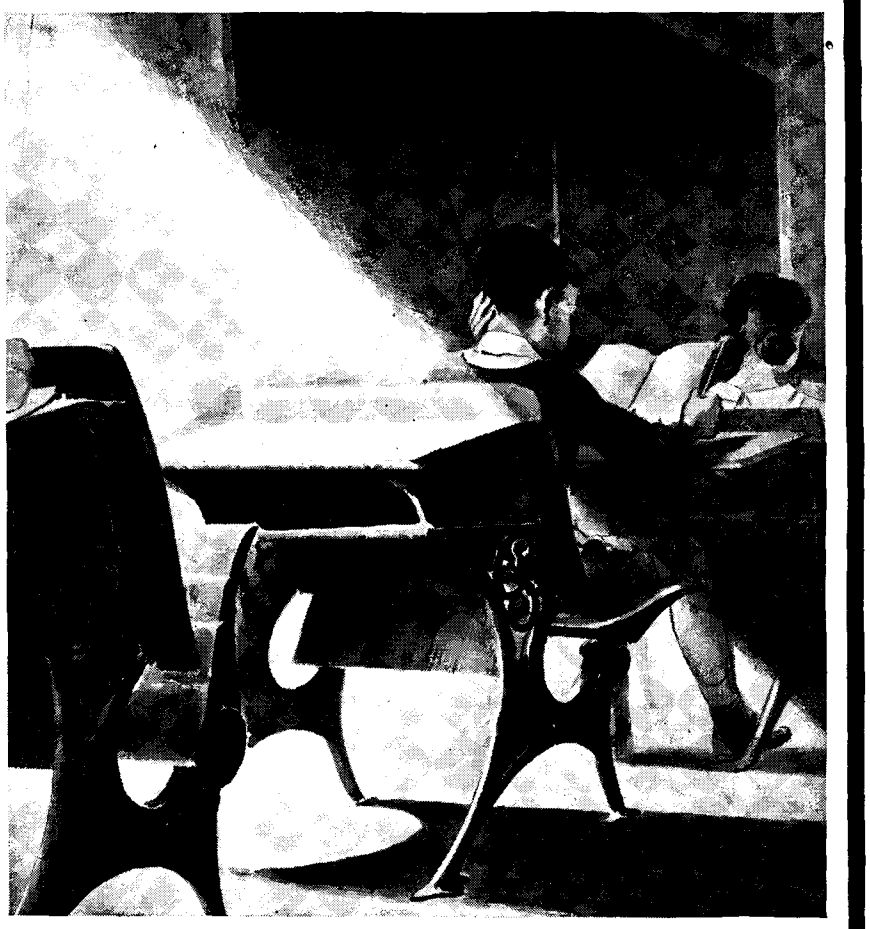
It was just some notes on a new process of oil reduction that the department of industrial chemistry had sent out a release on yesterday. "Sure," Emery said, "that's old Bill Snelling's pretty hand. What's on your mind?"

"Autographs fascinate me. And in the most curious way I've developed a yen for Julie Lomax's. Would it be fair practice to ask Betty to get a specimen?"

Emery shook his head. "You try asking her—she thinks you're a lot handsomer than I do. So what else do you want for crime?"

"Not crime, just curiosity. I'm also collecting campus opinions about Carl Gilson."

Maybe he thinks I'm no good at arithmetic, Emery thought. Alec started playing for keeps the minute he decided maybe Bill Snelling had seen him with Miss Bradford. Maybe I don't get that



THE VACANT SEAT

YESTERDAY, *that seat held a warm and lively little body. A six-year-old. Eager at the door of knowledge. Dreaming dreams. Facing life unafraid. Today, she's absent.*

A case for the truant officer? No. She isn't playing hooky. She won't be back in school . . . tomorrow, or ever. Yesterday, somebody's brakes . . . slipped.

. . .

Something is "slipping" far too often in a country where more than 30,000 people each year meet sudden death in automobile accidents! Sometimes it's a human slip. At other times a mechanical slip . . . and *that* can often be prevented if you *have your car* SAFETY-CHECKED *every 1000 miles.*

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and maybe I haven't heard the talk that Miss Bradford is getting the new Gilson rush. And now that the distinguished geologist wants an autograph from Gilson's last girl, maybe I'm dumb. Two and two make a hundred and thirty-seven.

"Well," Emery said, "how do you tell facts from gossip? The boy editor has no facts. Talk is, Gilson's walked high, wide, and handsome with some young faculty wives. Talk is, all kinds of women think he's pretty wonderful and every male wants to ax-murder him. Our bright Daily boys even turned up a rumor that the administration wants to fire him. Sure, I've heard all that. And if you take any part of it to Dean Hannan, you'll get the academic equivalent of Betty's horselaugh."

"No talk," Alec asked delicately, "that Mr. Snelling doesn't like him?"

"Why, I guess if our Bill could discover him in a love nest or prove he'd murdered the dean he'd be happy to use it in the papers. But I haven't heard of any tie-up there. Or any tie-up between Gilson and the Tetlow Inn."

Alec stood up. He looked thoughtful. "Emery, the Tetlow Inn doesn't mean a thing. You don't know that Bill Snelling ever saw Maxie Blotz."

Emery grunted. "If the Tetlow Inn doesn't mean a thing, then something does mean something. Get confidential."

Alec's smile faded into the grim look that Betty had called dangerous. "Why, yes," he said slowly, "I think something is going on. Do you mind if I say I'm scared you'll poke round till you strike it and do a lot of damage?"

"Maybe you could stop that by telling me what you know. Let's be pals."

"It may come to that," Alec said, departing. "But it hasn't yet."

CLEARLY, Emery was not supposed to be good at arithmetic. The dumb boy of the Daily! Well, even the dumb boy could see that Alec had hold of something, that it had to do with handwriting, that it had some connection with Susanna Bradford. And Alec had a strong interest in Bill Snelling. Here Emery clicked. Anything Bill Snelling could get about President Bradford's daughter could be converted to the war in the legislature. Even if, like that picture of Julie, you had to convert it with an airbrush.

So the next afternoon he drove out to the university observatory, on the hill above Lake Maitland, to get a story for the Daily; and, coming back, there on a back road was Snelling's car and Snelling and Maxie Blotz deep in conversation. So that was that and there was a tie-up there, and maybe he was going to be pals with Alec yet.

About a half hour later he heard Snelling's voice in the city room, high-pitched and angry, bawling someone out. He went out and Snelling was raising hell with a sophomore candidate because a story on the swimming team that he wanted to use wasn't ready yet. It was the first time Emery had seen him anything but soft-spoken and cynical, and he didn't like the view.

"You've got this all wrong," Emery said. "When Daily reporters get bawled out, I do it. You don't ever do it. We try to play ball here, but any time you don't like our service, you can take a nice walk and get your own stories."

The candidate eased away gratefully, but Snelling was sore. He was a lot sorer than the occasion warranted. He must have come in sore—so it would be interesting to know what Maxie Blotz had said or done. And Bill Snelling didn't look pretty when mad. That sallow face had acquired a hard brutality, and the eyes, magnified by those thick glasses, looked inflamed. Not somebody you'd take home for a pet.

"Any tank-town high school could beat this sheet," Snelling roared. "I don't like anything about it. And I don't like fat boys that get in the way." He clamped down on the noise and tried to assume his usual sneering calm but wasn't too successful. "Another thing, you wouldn't dream of taking anything from my desk, would you?"

Emery pushed him out into the hall. "Still another thing, you can act pretty round the Daily or you can move your typewriter somewhere else and pay rent. What's gone from your desk?"

"You wouldn't know, would you?" The effort had succeeded by now and Snelling was hard and contemptuous. "Funny, Smith—some pictures of the varsity show just happened to disappear. Maybe we'll all feel better if nothing more does."

"Foibles pictures? What were they, smoosh stuff for your moral circulation?"

"You wouldn't know a thing about it?"

"I'd know this—anybody who leaves smoosh pictures round where there are college boys can count on losing them. Go look through the fraternity houses."

"Yeah." Snelling's eyes were hostile.

"And they reconciled just as the August fur sales got under way"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"I knew a boy once that got in the way. Too bad."

"Sounds sad," Emery agreed. "What did he get in the way of?"

"He wasn't bright. College boys are bright."

"They keep their hair parted too," Emery said. "You can tidy up in the washroom."

Now wasn't that interesting? So the next time Alec Cornish started wailing for facts, he could be told that Maxie Blotz had made Bill Snelling pretty mad. So mad that old Bill hadn't been very bright himself. It wasn't bright to make threats, for that started people thinking.

WITH little more than a week to go, the Foibles cast rehearsed every night in a theater chaotic with half-painted sets, chorus girls and boys in a medley of costumes, and Jumbo Maine's yells and groans echoing back from the flies. It was good to be so busy that you didn't have time to be upset about Julie. And that was pretty funny, for Julie wasn't in the least upset about herself.

Emery was a comfort. Most nights he was waiting for Betty when rehearsal ended, to drive her home if she was all in or to take her to Keller's Cellar if she thought a sandwich was the right treatment. Sometimes Mr. Cornish was with him, and she had come to accept this big, morose man on terms of simple friendship. Once he showed up alone. That was the night when Jumbo suddenly dismissed all the principals at half past eight and swore that he was going to keep the chorus working till they either starved to death or learned to poke their legs out in something like unison.

Julie said, in the dressing room, "What a break! This is the first time Jumbo's felt big-hearted since 1776. Now for some telephoning."

SHE was hurrying into her clothes, already absorbed in some project that made her eyes intense. "I suppose you wouldn't think of sleep?" Betty said irritably, and Julie said with honest surprise, "At half past eight?"

Well, Betty would. She could do the economics report she had expected to skip and be in bed by ten. But when she came out of the theater, there was Alexander Cornish, waiting to say, "Emery won't mind if I borrow you—it's a grand night for a walk."

It was. A full moon shone on a thin crust of snow and the windless air was so cold it sparkled. Betty said, "Is it your idea I don't get enough exercise?" But she saw his face fall and thought suddenly, he works all the time, it must be ghastly in that little shack, he's lonesome. So she said, "At that, maybe I don't." Alec was grateful. "You're an intuitive child—I do fearfully bore myself these days."

His long legs set a pace that kept her warm, he talked charmingly, he didn't treat her like an undergraduate, and once the campus was behind them the darkness increased their companionship. Once he mentioned Dr. Gilson and she stiffened. Later on he seemed to want to talk about Julie, and then she did come fully awake and alert.

"Look here, Mr. Cornish," she said, "if you brought me out to talk about Julie and Dr. Gilson, let's not. I don't know a thing. I decided long ago it isn't any of my business. Maybe it isn't yours, either."

"It isn't." He took several long strides in silence, then, "Of course, you know I'm trying to find out—"

"You and Emery both," she said bitterly. "I wish you wouldn't try to find them out from me."

"Everything's cockeyed," he said gloomily. "Let it go—forget it." He was apologetic. "I didn't bring you out to snoop, Betty. I get cold—I like to be reminded that there are girls who don't exhaust themselves fighting shadows. You're gentle and warm and I like to know there are women who are." Someone was coming toward them down the path. "I thought this would be a deserted area," he said.

It was the far side of Shagbark Creek, opposite his shack. "You don't know Morrison, then. When the weather is warmer, this is lovers' lane."

It wasn't very near President Bradford's house, she thought, seeing the moonlight on Susanna's face. Susanna was arm in arm with Dr. Gilson, and their voices were a faint murmur. They were absorbed in each other, deaf and blind to the whole world, and passed without knowing anyone was within a thousand miles. Oh, lovers' lane, was it? So Julie's telephoning hadn't come to anything!

"That's why you've been asking about Julie, isn't it?" Betty said.

"Yes."

It was one syllable, without emphasis or color, and yet it was as complete a revelation as the strolling lovers. At once Alec Cornish was a lot more human, a lot more likable, and she felt sorry for him. "That isn't all, either, is it?" she asked.

Alec didn't say anything till a long straight stretch of path had become a curve and the curve had fallen behind, but when he did his voice had the wry humor she had first liked in it. "This is our night for asking questions out of bounds. . . . No, Betty, that isn't all."

"She's the most beautiful thing I ever saw." Yes, and with her head practically on the shoulder of Morrison's foremost skunk—the campus philanderer—Julie Lomax's lover! Betty's eyes stung. "We've got a skit in the Foibles. I'm supposed to be Hezekiah Morrison—he founded this damn' college. If I really were Hezekiah I'd rather die than found it."

"I wouldn't care for even Emery to guess it, my dear."

"Don't worry!" she said bitterly. "You'd never dream how much practice I'm getting at keeping secrets." So here was a new one to be miserable about. She took Alec's arm, in a futile impulse of friendliness and sympathy.

WHAT a snarl of pity and anger and disgust to take to the Tau Omega formal, on Saturday! Only a few of the Gammas were going but Julie was, with recklessness in her eyes, a cold disdain for Perry Henderson who was taking her, and a startling black dress. Her tense hardness when she left increased Betty's certainty that it would be a miserable evening. But Emery's lavish gardenias and his honest admiration made the right start. "If that's another dress from Schulz, Indiana," he said, "how's to take a contract for my next suit?"

"Just the lace my great-great-grandmother was married in. Ever since then all the Stevens girls have worn it to T O dances."

They lingered over a late dinner at the Morrison Tavern and didn't go to the dance till about eleven. It was in the smaller ballroom at the Webster Arms, and this proved to be one college dance that was really quiet. A good band played softly, with a sweet and satisfying nostalgia, and there was no crush, and the lights were dim. Sometimes they danced and sometimes they just sat in an alcove and talked or didn't talk. At intervals she saw Julie dancing and was glad to observe that she looked more natural.

Once she caught Emery looking at her with an odd intentness, and reached out to touch his hand. "What would that be?" he said.

"I was just thinking. Everybody else I know is all tangled up with heart dis-

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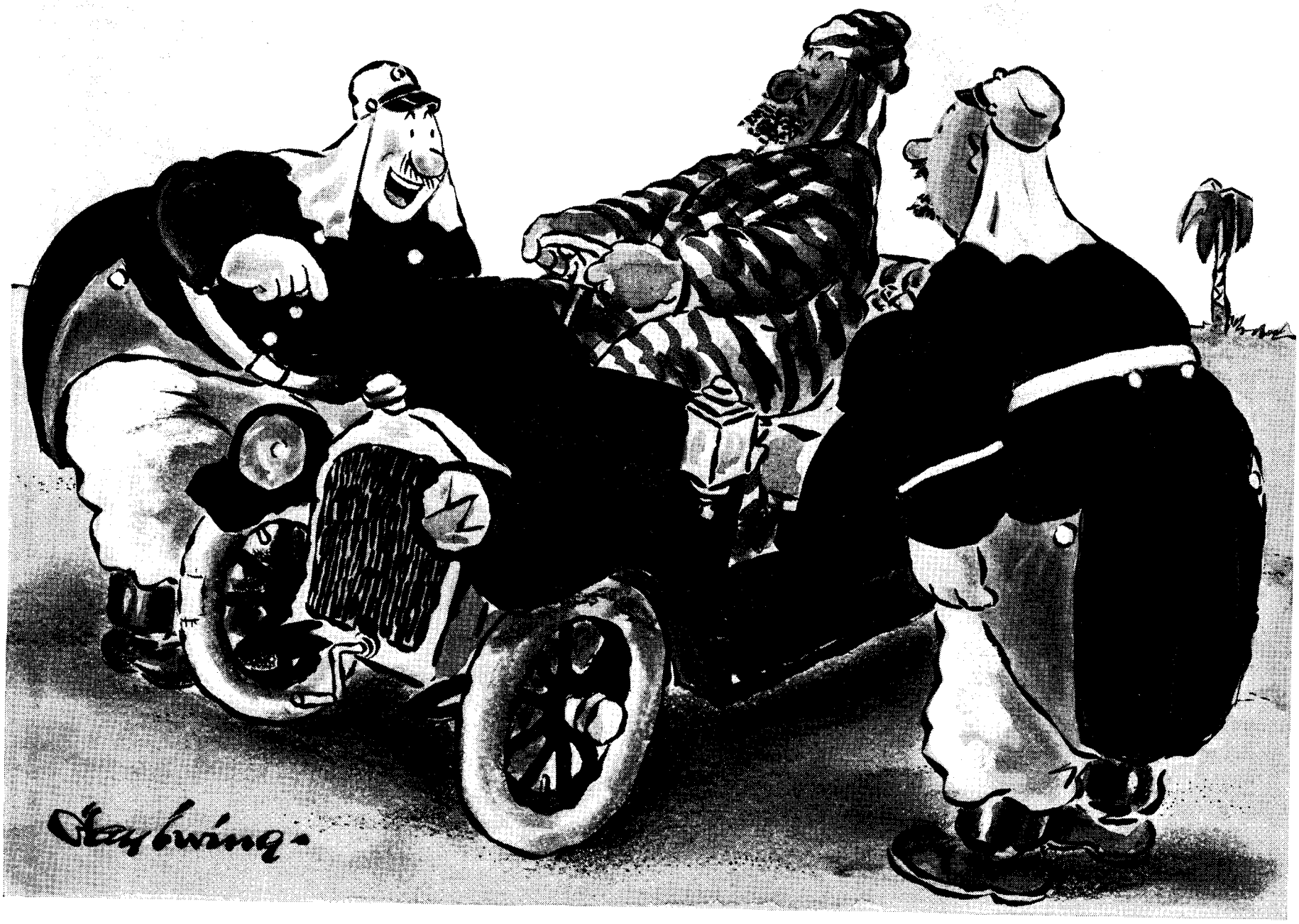

"Look, Sarge! It's The Same One I Had Back In Brooklyn In 1909!"

Make way for the mighty Sheikh . . . his proud badge of royalty is an American car. It doesn't matter that it is a discarded jallopy! Harun Al Bedsheet will run it until it crumbles like the One Horse Shay. For—Saudi Arabia, the home of this Sheikh contains 3,000,000 people—and 775 motor cars! Or *one* for every *3,871* people!

Compare that with this country where there is a car for every six people—almost one to a family! And there are very few Americans who would be content with the "jitterbug" the Sheikh so proudly drives.

Okay America! Keep that "divine discontent" which makes us discard outmoded things . . . it's one of the reasons why this country owns 70% of the world's passenger cars. It's one of the reasons why this country is the richest on earth!

Soon—in a hundred thousand neighborhoods, the 1939 models will be gleaming in showrooms. Offering new style, new performance records, these cars represent the automotive industry's greatest values.

Soon, too, a parade of printed show windows will march through the pages of this magazine; progressive manufacturers know that the 2,600,000 families who read Collier's are active, enterprising Americans with a zest for new things proven by their readership of this active magazine.

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Collier's ★ The Active Market

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Around 40 you need certain vitamins just as much as children do—but you may not be getting enough of them. Poorer digestion—common after 40—may slow down your energy. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing their full good.

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A remarkable tonic food that helps in *both* these ways is Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast.

It gives rich amounts of 4 needed vitamins. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins. It helps stimulate and strengthen digestion. This better digestion helps your body to take up the vitamins *faster* and *more fully* so you get more out of them. It should make you feel better—more vigorous.

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Fleischmann's Yeast helps many *"After 40's"* Feel Younger

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(U. S. PATS. D-109,605 AND 2,101,127. OTHER PATS. PEND.)

turbances and they act as if it's a fate worse than death. I'm glad we've grown up. No moonlight, no heart trouble, and a grand time."

"Stand up and cheer—twenty-one guns for the tranquil life!" Emery exploded. "Sure, you can't go wrong with Smith. Not one heart flutter to the long ton." She stared at him bewildered. "Coeds' Rest, that's me. Safe as a professor of Greek. Unexciting as a lady Ph.D. Smith the sleep compeller, the pulse retarder. Well—" hunching a shoulder toward the floor—"I invited Cornish to drop in, on the chance you might want to work out your pulse, and here he is."

She saw Alec coming toward them. Emery said hotly, "The dice say you've got to be a glamor boy, Alec. If you know how to raise the pulse rate, get on the job."

Emery stalked away, Alec's gaze following him. "What's got into Emery?"

"He went stark, raving crazy on this exact spot, one minute ago."

"I don't blame him," Alec said cheerfully, "not with that color in your cheeks." She said, "Nonsense, if Emery saw anything in my cheeks he'd consult an oculist about it." But she kept looking for him over Alec's shoulder while they danced, puzzled by that display. Later he came for her and said, "Must have been something I ate. That was my December tantrum."

The evening speeded up. Emery was doing his best to atone for that awkwardness, there were just enough stags to provide the right amount of cutting, dances were shorter and faster. She saw Alec dancing with Julie but refused to be angry at him. Much later there was a lull for eggs and bacon, and probably it was Alec who maneuvered Perry and Julie into sitting with the three of them. But by this time nobody could observe anything about Julie except that she was enjoying herself.

Nevertheless Alec said to Betty when they separated after the last dance, "I don't think it's shrewd of your roommate to take so many drinks. Anybody with half an eye can see she's scared as hell."

ON MONDAY night they were scheduled to rehearse the first act till either they got it right or Jumbo died of apoplexy. Julie had not been at the house for dinner and Betty hadn't seen her since noon. She missed the opening and came tumbling on the stage just in time for their first bit, a burlesque meeting of college deans that they did on roller skates, zipping up her shorts as she came. Her voice was listless and a moment later she went up in her lines. Jimmy Paige, the baritone, fed her cues patiently and Jumbo swore from the piano he was sitting on.

A couple of minutes later she was supposed to hurdle a low bench that Betty and Fred Armstrong had just vacated, but she didn't clear it and came down in a heap. "Why didn't we think to put that in?" Jumbo mourned. "Well, have we got a song here or do we let Lomax do some more ad-libbing?" It was a quartet while they slowly chased one another on skates and Betty got her first look at Julie. There was no color at all in her face and her mouth looked pinched. Her voice broke badly and they all stopped singing and skating. Butch Elder, at the piano, went back to the beginning but her voice broke again on the same note. "Quite all right," Jumbo said genially, "we've got all night. You'll get better and better or worse and worse."

They skated into the wings. "What's the matter?" Betty asked. Julie was bending over, taking off her skates. "Nothing," she said wearily. "Why didn't they choke Jumbo in his crib?" Betty had no time to talk, for she had to dance in front of the chorus in another costume in six minutes.

Julie had recovered by the time they reached the big millinery number. Betty waited for her cue in the wings and saw that she was trying hard. It was almost right, almost the swaggering and vibrant Julie, almost the electric glow that made this the best thing in the Foibles. Almost but not quite. It probably fooled everybody else but it didn't fool Betty—and it didn't fool Jumbo, sitting on his piano and looking at Julie as if she were something that had decayed.

Betty's cue came. She went out and began to feed Julie the familiar lines. Jumbo remarked, "Once we used to laugh at that one," and Julie, between breaths, said shrilly, "Shut up, Jumbo!" and picked up the next line and let that one drop too. "You're simply divine, Miss Lomax," Jumbo said, "comedienne, aren't you?" Julie's breast rose and her voice shook. "Sure, bawl!" Jumbo roared. "We don't have shows at Morrison, we have shower baths. You're breaking my heart. Well—" as the chorus came on, "here are the other left-footed darlings. Do you dance, Miss Lomax?"

THIS was the dance the two of them did, their best bit. They had had it perfect three weeks ago but it was far from perfect now. Betty did her best to cover up, but Julie was rapidly going to pieces. Jumbo howled, the music stopped, the chorus huddled together, and Jumbo came charging up over the footlights.

He stood there and bayed: "Wooden voice, wooden legs, wooden head! Seven weeks rehearsing and you can't learn a routine!"

Julie's shoulders were shaking and Betty said hotly, "This is once you could skip it, Jumbo. Don't you see she's not feeling right?" Betty put an arm round her and led her offstage and down the iron stairs to their dressing room. Julie slumped on a hard chair and fell forward on the plain board table.

Nothing to do. Betty pulled up the other chair and sat down. Julie shoved her arm away but she put it back. After a long while she wasn't sobbing any more—just lying there with her hair disordered and her arms out. Sometime later she sat up, not saying anything.

Betty said, "Do you want to talk about it?"

Julie stood up. Crying had made her cheeks splotchy and her eyes puffy, but it wasn't crying that had given her that desperation. "Talk or bawl—what's the use, where does it get you?" she said. She walked over and stared at a discolored spot on the wall, came back and sat down, crossed her knees, held out one hand and looked fixedly at the scarlet fingernails. "We learn, don't we? Sure, we learn. You learned, didn't you? You learned about me."

Betty began to tremble. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. I can tell. You know about me, don't you?"

She met Julie's eyes. "I didn't say it—you did. But, well, yes, I do."

Julie nodded. "They'll have it on the billboards next. I thought nobody did. I guess you always think nobody knows. I was wrong." That was all quiet, even remote, until the last word, but that word exploded in a sob. Julie reached blindly for her handbag and blindly opened it, fumbling for something. She held out a sheet of note paper.

Betty took it. Just a few lines in ink, neatly written, unsigned: "Possibly you can stand exposure but Carl Gilson can't. To have your affair made public would be very uncomfortable for you—and it would be fatal for him. We will make it public unless you break it up at once."

(To be continued next week)

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Club Man

Continued from page 19

title, Charlie found that his pal, Doc Emery, had a car of his own this time, and there was Old Man Hankinson again, and another Oklahoman, Harry (Mahatma) Gandy; and nobody had any money left after the post-tournament crap game except Charlie, who had $29.50. So they pooled their interests and set out for Oklahoma City. He was beaten in the Shawnee sand-green tournament, in a match in which he produced rounds of 65 and 64; and then he went over to Colorado Springs and won the Western Amateur Championship.

Waiting for Luck's Turn

Back in the first one, at Five Farms, he won his first match and was doing very well against the veteran Maurice McCarthy until he knocked McCarthy's ball into the hole on a stymie shot, and, doing the rest of the journey three below fours, was unable to catch up.

At Kenwood in 1933 he was knocked off again in round two, by Jack Westland, runner-up in 1931. Next year at Brookline he went to the fifth round and there, against Willie Turnesa, he went out in 36 with a deuce in it—and was three down to a 32, losing to a round that would have beaten anybody else in the field that day or that tournament. He won two wild matches at Cleveland in 1935 and then Jack Nash of Canada stopped him with a 71, the break coming when the Canadian holed a 40-foot putt for an eagle three while Charlie, after a spoon second that sat down like a poached egg ten feet from the flag, saw his own putt switch out.

At Garden City in 1936, he won his first match at the nineteenth green—and lost his second at the twentieth. And last year, at Portland, he met Don Moe in the first round and the Portlander touched off three deuces under him in a stretch of six holes. And a week later, in the Western Amateur at Los Angeles, Charlie led a great field by four strokes in the qualifying rounds, with 70-67—137, won his first two matches; shot a 69 at Chuck Kocsis in the third—and Kocsis came back with a 68.

"I'm going back to dear old East Lake," said Charlie, "where a 69 will at least get you two bits now and then."

He said something else, too, on the long train ride back to Atlanta; something that Charlie himself probably doesn't remember. We were talking over the lengthening stretch of the big-time tournament trail, and the apparently endless string of hot ones along it. And Charlie looked out of the window for quite a while at an astonishingly similar expanse of Texas landscape. And then he turned and grinned and said:

"Well, you know the old saying—it's a long worm that has no turning."

The turning came at his next major tournament—the British Amateur at Troon.

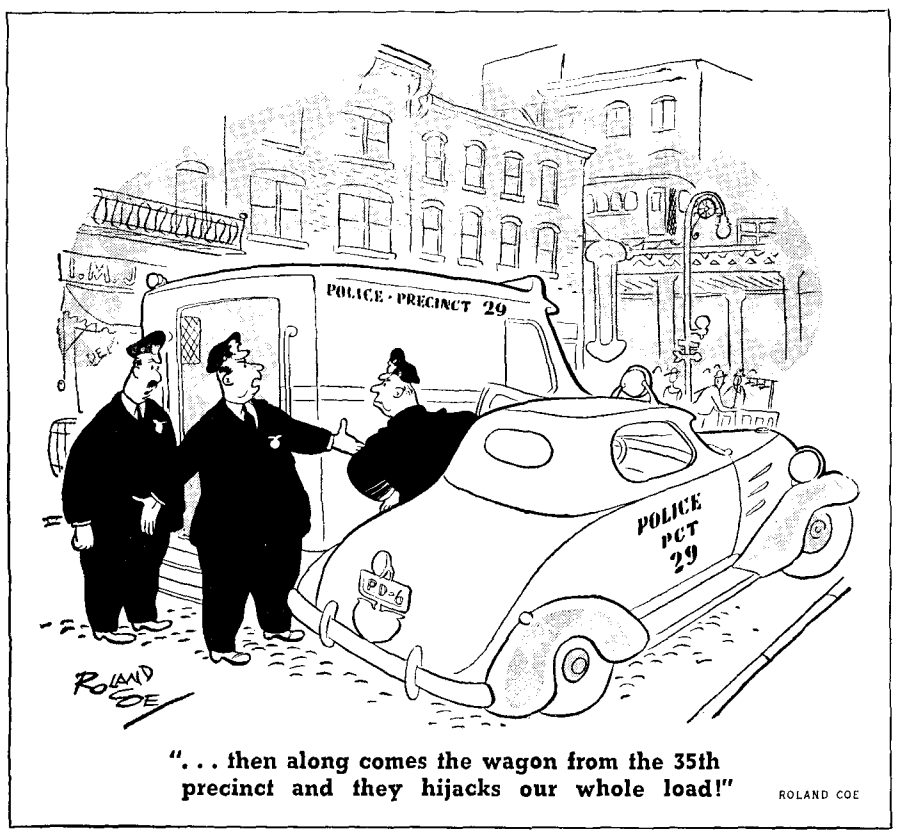
In that British Amateur, on a narrow seaside course in a sweeping wind, and two matches played in a driving rain, Charlie Yates scored ten strokes better than par over the opening nine, in his eight matches. In 142 holes played he picked off twenty-three birdies and an eagle two, this latter by holding a full pitch at the second green, to go with a subsequent brace of deuces he shot at the gallant but helpless Cyril Tolley in the same round. He ran in front in six matches, and he came from behind in two. He won all eight as a champion should—and then he went over to St. Andrews and in the Walker Cup Match, lost by our side for the first time, Charlie won with Ray Billows in the foursome, and in the singles he beat Jimmy Bruen, the young Irishman rated the No. 1 amateur of the British Isles.

And then he came home again, across the ocean, and this time he was the central figure in the group that faced the cameras—and a big cup was his warrant there, instead of a big button reading "Welcome, Bobby Jones."

And Oakmont, where the United States Amateur starts September 12?

Last time the United States Amateur was played at Oakmont was thirteen years ago. Bobby Jones of East Lake won it. For good measure, another East Laker, Watts Gunn, was runner-up. . . . By the way, Bobby Jones had played in six United States Amateurs before busting loose and winning one.

Well, Oakmont will be Charlie Yates' seventh start.



"... then along comes the wagon from the 35th precinct and they hijacks our whole load!" ROLAND COE

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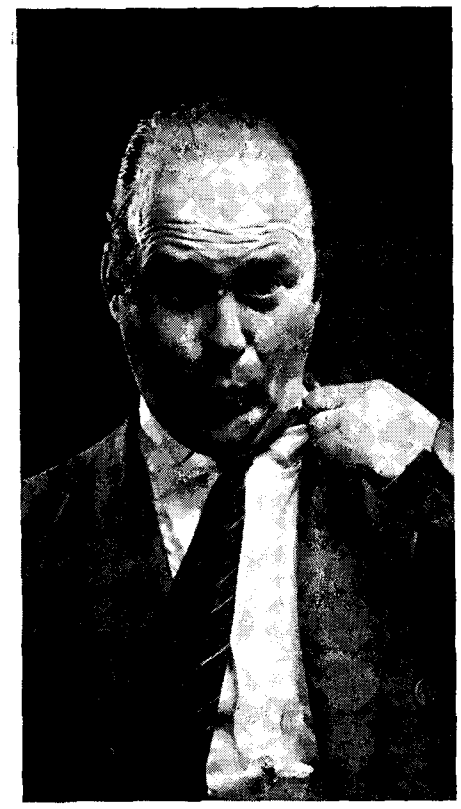

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**From feature story by Edgar Munzel in Chicago Herald & Examiner, April 20, 1938*

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THEN look into this Club of ours—there is a place for you. Yes, and the best chance ever to earn extra dollars. Our booklet called "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents" will tell you how to make money too! It has a message for new members who join us this month. I do hope you'll be one of them. *Write today, sending a card or letter to*

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

A Job for a Man

Continued from page 22

braced against the sway of the speeder. "We put it in, the sea tears it to bits, and then we do it all over again."

There was more, much more, but she didn't hear it. She was staring at the wreckage strewn along the track. Splintered timbers; rail steel, bent as though it were soft wire; a big machine that lay upside down on the rock, its wheels pointing uselessly at the sky.

"A storm did that," Mike said from her shoulder. "The boys had to run to save themselves, and when they came back the crane was junk!"

She could only listen now, for the cold tightness was in her throat again.

The last half mile was double track—twin trestles, thirty feet apart. There was no rock beneath them now, just sleepy green swells that climbed the jetty piling. She missed the protective bulk of the granite slabs. The trestle seemed tiny and frail—an impertinence here, where there should be only wind and water and wheeling gulls.

The speeder stopped a few feet short of the rail's end, and opposite a huge machine that was working on the other track.

"That's a special kind of pile-driver," Mike explained. "And this crew is good, every man of it."

She watched a stocky man trot along a timber that looked no wider than her hand. "They have to be good," she whispered, "or they wouldn't be alive."

Mike said: "That looks worse than it is. They're half cat, and they wear calked boots. We don't let them take chances."

But they did! Her breath caught sharply as a workman leaned far out to guide a slingload of lumber down. And again as a man tripped and went to one knee.

The crane picked up a tiny platform, swung it close to the working deck where two men climbed aboard. A gloved hand went up in signal. The platform dropped swiftly, smoothly, to stop just above green water. The men worked there, spiking a heavy brace end in place.

"Mike!" She was looking up. "What happened to Ned Galloway? How did he . . ."

"He fell off that platform."

She caught his arm. "Why didn't they do something?"

"They did try," Mike said slowly. "Ned hit a brace on the way down; he was unconscious when he hit the water. There was a big swell running."

"Then they *didn't* do anything?" she asked.

"They couldn't. There's old jetty rock just below the surface here. The swell was big; a swimmer wouldn't have had a chance. The rip tide carried him out before a man could go down on a line. They couldn't do a thing."

Her eyes went back to the platform—two pieces of plank and a bit of cable. There was no handrail, there was nothing at all to hold a man who slipped.

She turned quickly. "Mike, do you go down there?"

"Sure," he said lightly, "but I don't take chances."

SHE waited until they had eaten that night before she pulled a low stool up beside his chair.

"Mike," she said quietly, "why do we stay here?"

He looked up in surprise. "Are you joking?"

"I mean it, Mike. Why don't you get an office job? Then you'd have a chance to get ahead, and we could have a home instead of this shack. We could be in town."

"Are you still worrying about the jetty, Helen?"

"Yes—" she pressed her cheek against his sleeve—"and about you too, Mike. Don't you want to go up?"

He let the newspaper slip from his hand. "So you want me in an office where I'd have to jump every time the office manager shouted at me?"

"But, Mike . . ."

"I'd die of dry rot in an office. Bucking the sea's a big job, Helen; it's my job."

"But what about me?" she asked stiffly. "Do you want your children to grow up in a construction camp?"

His brown face darkened. "Other children have grown up in construction camps; happy, normal children." There was a bitter edge to the words. "You'll get over this as soon as you meet the other women here. You'll have friends then, and something to do."

The strange new tension was still between them the next day; it showed in Mike's voice when he told her about the party at noon. "I told Tom Hallock we'd drop in for a while tonight. His wife's having a few people over."

"You might have asked me first," she snapped.

THERE was a moment of stormy quiet and then Mike said, "I was out on the end of the jetty when Tom asked me. Did you want me to make a trip back to find out what you thought about it?" He pushed back his chair. "You can do whatever you like."

She didn't look at him. "I'm sorry, Mike. I'll go."

The party was a mistake. She knew that even before she was inside the small and crowded house; before Mike brought the tall man to her and said, "Helen, this's Tom Hallock."

Her hand was caught in a crushing grip. Tom Hallock grinned down at her and said something that was lost in the noise around them. The blonde was there then, elbowing past Mike to say shrilly: "These guys would forget me, Mrs. Saunders. I'm Nina Hallock."

Helen's answer, her smile, were forced. There were twenty-five or thirty people jammed into two small rooms. There was the sharp buzz of voices, the sleepy cry of a child, the sullen beat of radio music. A party! No, this was something from a slapstick comedy.

She remembered Mike's words of the night before as she followed Nina toward an inner room: "You'll meet the other women. You'll have friends and something to do." He had said that, and yet he couldn't have believed that she and Nina Hallock had anything in common. Thin-faced Nina who prefaced each remark with, "Yeah, I know."

The next hour was an age. Nina introduced her to the older women first. Gray and quiet, they sat in a prim row along one wall. Their voices, the things they talked about, were gray and colorless too. Then Helen met a shovel-runner's wife who wore blue slacks, and a fat woman whose husband worked "out front."

There were men too, a parade of big men who all seemed alike. Weather-darkened faces, blunt hands that crushed her fingers, voices that muttered, "Glad to know you."

Mike appeared once, to smile down and ask, "How are you making out?"

Nina was beside her, and it was Nina who said, "You can go on talking jetty, Mike, we'll take care of her."

She wanted desperately to call him back, but Nina was saying, "Here's Ann McCarthy; you haven't met her."

Another indifferent handclasp, another colorless voice asking for the hundredth time, "Do you like it here?"

She managed an answer, a strained smile. She had escaped Nina's clinging arm, and was looking for Mike when the stocky man stumbled against her. His glass slipped from his fingers, its contents soaking her dress.

A strained and awkward silence replaced the hum of voices. She stood quite still, looking down at the dark stain upon her skirt. The stocky man blinked owlishly. "M'fault," he said, "m'fault, entirely. I'll fix it."

"I knew it!" Nina Hallock thrust herself between them. "He'd have to get his nose wet and spoil my party."

The stocky man said, "Nina, I . . ."

"Go on home, Tony." Nina's pointed chin was thrust out, her voice shrill. "You've had too much."

Tom Hallock came through the crowd to say, "Come on, Tony, let's go out-

"Hey, Ed! Did you put in a call for Los Angeles?"

JAY IRVING

side." The stocky man nodded and moved quietly away.

"I'm sorry about your dress," Nina said quickly. "That guy always drinks too much. You send it to the cleaner's. Tony'll be glad to pay the bill."

"But it's an old dress; it doesn't matter." Helen turned blindly toward the inner room and her coat.

Mike was not in sight when she came out. She went past the men grouped around the door to the porch. The old tightness was in her throat as she went down the stairs. There was laughter behind her, and the bright sound rang in her ears as she hurried along the path.

A moment later she was running. The night pressed close around her, and an impatient, gusty wind brought the first chill drops of rain.

She had changed to pajamas and robe when she heard Mike's step on the porch, his key in the lock. He came straight to the bedroom.

"Why did you come home alone?" he asked stiffly.

"Because you—you were too busy to

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bring me!" She made no effort to keep her voice down. "I didn't want to disturb you."

"Aren't you jumping at conclusions?"

"I don't think so," she snapped. "You left me alone for hours to talk to women who didn't know how to talk. Your friends! They walked on me. They spilled wine on my dress! And where were you?"

There was a bitter thinness about Mike's lips. "I went with the yard foreman to check a lumber invoice. It doesn't matter, but that keeps the record straight."

"You could have . . ."

"Let me finish," Mike interrupted bluntly. "Most of the people you saw tonight were my friends. They live here because their work is here. The men work with their hands, but it's skilled work, and few men can do it. The women are not dumb, but they are more interested in their homes and babies than they are in books and music. You didn't like their clothes, but you know as well as they that an expensive gown down here would be foolish. Tony drank too much —well, clerks get tight too. They don't always pay the cleaner's bill—and Tony does!"

Color burned in her cheeks. "Go back to your friends if that's what you want!"

"Helen, I . . ." Mike stopped then, and moved away. She could hear him in the kitchen, rattling stove lids, crumpling paper for the fire.

MIKE had already gone when she awoke. There was a note propped against the sugar bowl: "Storm blowing up. Will try to be back for lunch." Just those terse words, penciled on a sheet torn from his notebook.

"Storm blowing up!" Her throat was dry, and she was suddenly aware of the rain that drummed on the flat roof, of the deep and angry sound of the wind.

Nina Hallock came, just before eleven, formless in a billowing slicker, her yellow hair tucked up under a sou'wester. "Can't come in," she said cheerfully. "I just stopped to see if you wanted anything from town."

"Are you going to drive a hundred miles in this storm?"

Nina said, "Sure. The bottom's falling out of the glass. The storm'll shut the job down for three or four days anyway. We may not get another chance like this all season. Are you going?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"We'll stop on our way out. You'll know by that time." Nina bobbed her head and was gone.

Mike was almost an hour late. She had dry clothes ready, and he grinned his thanks as he scooped them up. "Swell," he said, "but I'll need that pair of boots I greased night before last."

"They're in the closet."

He wore slippers when he came into the kitchen. He propped the boots near the stove where the reflected firelight glinted on the needle-sharp calks.

"Mike, you—" her voice rose sharply —"you aren't going out on the jetty today?"

He said: "There's nothing to worry about. They're working out front, it's not bad. I've just got to be sure we're ready for the blow. I should be back early."

She tried twice before she could speak, and then the words were barely audible: "Will you take me to the train this afternoon?"

"The train?" He looked up quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Just that. I'm—I'm leaving, Mike."

"So you're whipped," he said bitterly. "This shack, and a few women you didn't like, were too much. Well, maybe it's the best way."

"Mike, you . . ." She tried to explain that it wasn't the house, or the women; that it wasn't the constant wind and rain —but only the jetty! She tried to say that nothing mattered but his safety, that her only fear was for him. And in the end she said nothing at all, for the cold tightness was in her throat again, and Mike was pulling on his boots.

The bitterness was still in his eyes when he stood up. "I'll be back around four." His hands went to her shoulders. "I'll take you to the train if you still want to go, but you're buying a one-way ticket!"

The pressure of his hands was gone then, and the door slammed behind him. She stood there, staring down at the hand-sized bright place his calks had torn in the floor.

Her bags were packed by three, and she wrote a note to be left where Mike would find it after she had gone. She tried to put on paper some of the things she hadn't been able to get past the ache in her throat: "Mike I can't be afraid and happy at the same time. If you . . ."

The motor sound came then; the pound of hurrying feet, and Nina Hallock's frantic voice: "Helen! There's trouble out front!"

Helen reached the door, threw it open. "Trouble?" she asked breathlessly. "What's happened?"

"I don't know for sure." Nina's sou'wester was gone. Wet locks of yellow hair lay tightly against her gray face.

"Not Mike," Helen whispered, "it isn't Mike?"

"I went over to the office to find out why Tom was late. I heard the bookkeeper talking on the phone. Ed Davis and Irish McCarthy are caught 'out front' and they can't get to them." She shuddered. "I've got Cora Davis and Ann McCarthy in the car. We were goin' out to Sand, but . . ."

"What happened?"

"The bookkeeper won't let us have a speeder. I thought that since you're the super's wife you might . . ."

"Just a minute." Helen was fumbling in the closet for her slicker. "I'll do what I can."

"Thanks," Nina said weakly. "I'm scared Tom'll go out after those guys. He does the damnedest things. . . ."

Nina drove. None of the others spoke during the short ride. Wind-driven rain slashed at them as they hurried across the narrow platform and into the office.

The slender bookkeeper started up. "I can't," he said thickly. "I told you before that Mike'd take the hide off me if I let you have a speeder. You can't help out there. You go home, and I'll let you know when . . ."

"We're going. I'm Mike's wife—" could this odd cold voice be hers?—"I'll take all the responsibility. Hurry now!"

"I'll get fired sure, I'll—" The bookkeeper turned and snatched blindly at his coat.

The speeder shed was near the office, and that was four miles from Sand. The jetty proper began at Sand, the shops were there. Four miles . . .

THE wind died, momentarily, as the speeder bumped over switch frogs and onto the main line. A half mile, where the track was screened by trees, then out on the lagoon trestle, and full into the face of the gale.

The air was alive with stinging spray. White-crested swells climbed high on the trestle. The stutter of the speeder engine was a small sound now, and the speeder seemed to pause, to crouch closer to the glistening rails.

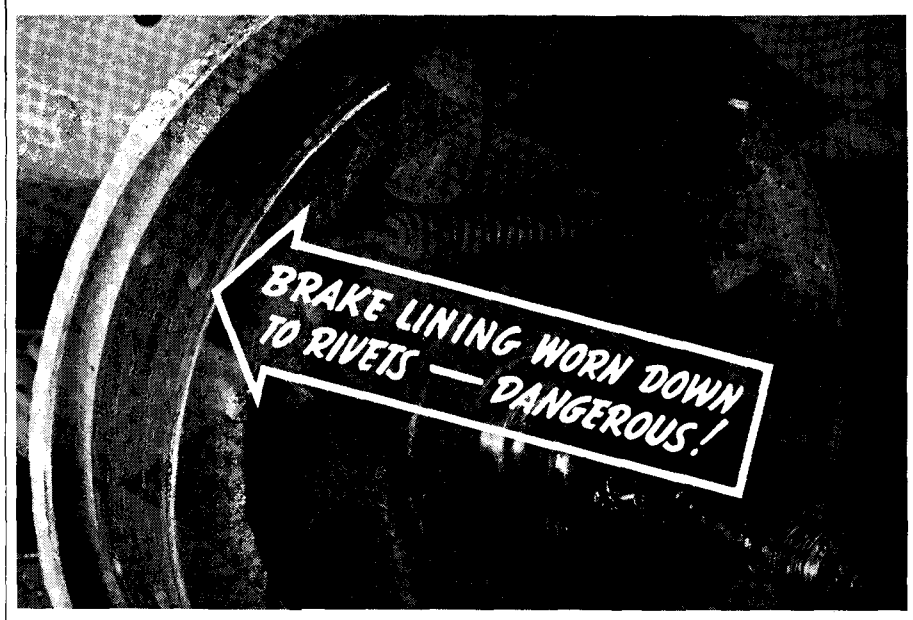
Helen was soaked to the skin and blue with cold long before the speeder left the trestle and rocked over sand-choked track. The shops appeared suddenly, thrusting their black bulk through the curtain of rain. They were running then, stumbling through wet sand to an open door.

An overalled workman said: "No, they ain't got 'em yet. The Shay's off

LOOK INSIDE

this brake and see what happened during the Summer

● Here's an actual picture of a mechanic examining the brakes of a car that was brought in for a check-up after the brakes began to go bad, early in August. The owner figured they merely needed "taking up," but the mechanic suspected something more serious. So he put the car on a lift and took off the wheel. The owner was startled when he saw what had happened...



There was hardly enough of the brake lining left to stop a baby carriage. If you look closely you will see what the summer's hard driving had done to it. It was worn so thin that the rivets were exposed and had damaged the brake drums...The mechanic recommended re-lining with American Brakeblok. In a few hours the work was finished and the car was safe again.

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the track at the jetty end, an' they can't get a speeder past it. . . ."

"Where's Mike?" Helen asked tensely. "Has he . . ."

"He's down there. They're tryin' to get the engine back on the rails."

They went back into the storm. Nina Hallock led the way along uneven ties, straight toward the thunder of the surf. Helen and the others were close behind, heads bent, their slickers flying in the grip of the wind.

Voices came to them first, and then they saw the engine, tilted oddly to one side, and the men clustered around it. Mike was there, doing something with a heavy piece of timber; turning to shout at the stocky man who leaned down out of the engine cab.

Tom Hallock saw them first, but waited until the engine had lurched ahead, wheels spinning, and stopped again, before he came to them.

"You can't help!" he shouted. "You'd better beat it back to the shops."

Nina shook her head. "How long?"

"One more bite ought to make it—say five minutes." His eyes jerked away from Ann McCarthy's face. "We'll have 'em back pretty quick." He spun quickly and ran.

A workman trotted past them, carrying a shovel and an armload of sacks. He stopped beside the tracks and began to fill the sacks with sand. Helen touched Nina's arm to ask, "What's that for?"

"Weight!" Nina's lips were close to Helen's ear. "They'll need weight to keep the speeder on the track out there after they get the Shay and the pile-driver out of the way. Here's Mike!"

Mike's brown face was rain-streaked, a smear of grease lay across one cheek. "This's no place for you, Helen. Why'd you come?"

"I had to, Mike. I brought the others." Spray and wind-driven sand stung her face. "Mike, are you going out after them?"

"That's my job, honey." He squeezed her arm. "You'd better get the others into the shops and take care of them. Ann looks like she's due to crack up. We won't be long."

THE engine was moving again, lurching heavily upon the track. It stopped, and then crawled backward into the storm.

Mike shouted: "They'll have the track clear in a minute. There's twelve cars and the pile-driver behind the Shay. That's why we couldn't get out there with the speeder."

"But, Mike . . ."

He kissed her, his lips cold upon hers, and held her close for an instant. "Sorry, honey." He whirled, and the wind brought back faint words, "Don't worry. . . ."

The Shay crept past them, the roar of its exhaust blending with the heavy thunder of the surf. A stream of clanking flat cars, the bulk of the pile-driver . . .

A dozen men were grouped around the speeder, stowing the sacks along the footboards. Mike was there, bending over the controls, and Tom Hallock swung up beside him as the speeder began to move.

A strangled cry burst from Nina's lips. "I knew he'd go! I knew . . ."

Helen's eyes followed the speeder until it vanished in the spray that blanketed the jetty track. It was Nina who said: "We'd better go up to the shop."

The same workman opened the door for them. He said, "Over here, it's warmer," and spent unnecessary minutes adjusting the draft of the big stove.

"How long?" Ann McCarthy asked in whisper. "How long will it take?"

The workman looked away. "I can't say. They don't know how far they got to go after them."

"Not long," Helen said tightly. "Mike said it wouldn't be long."

Mike had said that. Mike had grinned and kissed her; had raced the speeder down the spray-drenched track and out into the gale. But Mike hadn't known what was waiting—no one knew. Cold fear came with each breath. Husky words squeezed past dry lips, "Please, God . . ."

A workman came in and Nina asked a question that Helen didn't hear. The man's answer was plain: "Ed and Irish were putting in some pipe straps. The guy on the Shay didn't know they were there, so he didn't look for them on the way in. They had plenty of time to hear the Shay and get over the side and let it by. They were out about three miles, and that's a hell of a ways in this weather."

The sound of the surf seemed louder now. Helen's eyes went to the others, and it seemed as if they had always been in this black-walled room; that the rain had always been drumming on the roof.

Fear? Yes, but not hers alone, for these others knew it too: Ann McCarthy's lips moved slowly, her fingers plucked at her slicker—telling the beads of an invisible rosary. Cora Davis, she of the twitching mouth, the gray face; and Nina Hallock, who fumbled for a cigarette while one already smoldered between her fingers, and who threw them both on the floor and said, "Ive got the jitters. Why didn't I marry a midget? He wouldn't have weighed enough to ride the speeder."

Tears, prayer, a forced jest. No two the same, but they were all caught in the same numbing grip, they were all watching the door. Waiting.

The workman looked at his watch. "They ought to be out there by now."

Helen closed her eyes and could almost hear Mike's level voice: "That's construction. It's a man's job bucking the sea." Then: "Take care of them, Helen. Ann looks like she was about ready to crack up." That was good; that was almost funny! The lame leading the blind.

Still, it was her job, just as it had been Mike's job to go after Ed and Irish. This wasn't new or different—men had built, always, and women had waited.

Helen moved stiffly to Ann McCarthy's side. "They will be back." Her arm went around the woman's shoulder. "Don't worry."

Ann McCarthy shuddered, buried her face against Helen's slicker.

Time ceased to have meaning. Wind and the pounding sea; the soft moan of the fire, the thrum of rain. Helen remembered a newsboy's cry: "Ten Killed in Tunnel Cave-In!" Mike had come back then; he'd come back again. Helen bent her head at the swift thought: "But the others didn't and they had wives too; they . . ."

Waiting—a woman's job. Not her job alone, but Nina's, Cora's, Ann's. They shared it, all of them, just as they shared fear. Helen's chin was set firmly, her arm was tight around Ann's shoulder. "So be it. . . ."

Voices! A faint shout riding the wind. Nina said, "Dear God, let . . ." The door opened, and Tom Hallock stood there, his face pale, his hand catching at a tool rack for support.

Ann's voice was faint and small: "Irish? Where is he?"

"They're coming, all of them. They're all right."

HELEN leaned back against the wall. The tension was gone now. Mike was back, he'd be here in a minute. He'd have to go again, sometime, but he'd return. . . .

"You tramp!" Nina was in Tom's arms. "You scare me to death, an' then you have to come back just when I got your insurance money all spent."

Laughter rang through the room. The others came in, and Mike pushed his way to her side. "They're okay, both of them. They knew we'd come, so they just hung on and waited."

"I'm glad," Helen said quickly, and her hand went up to his cheek in a remembered gesture. "I'm glad you're all right, Mike."

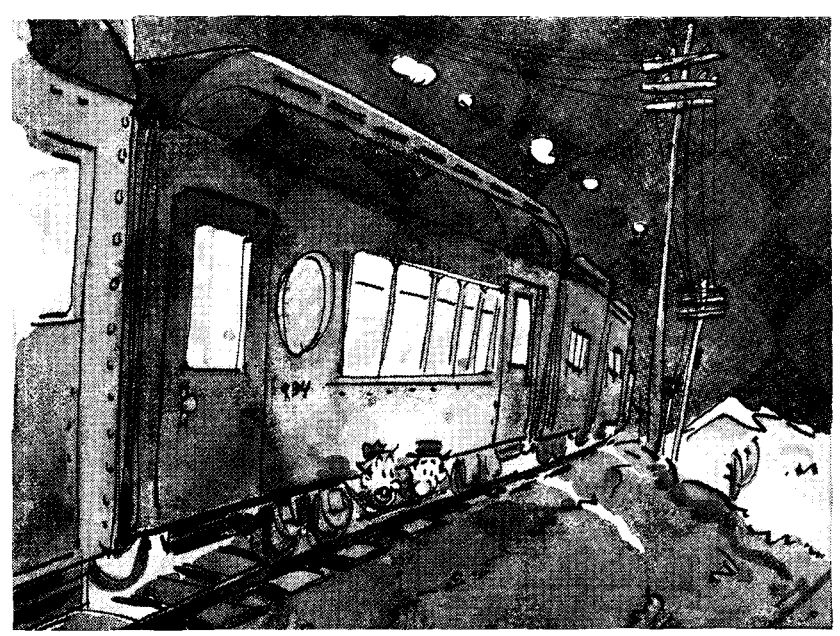
Later, Mike helped her up to a seat on the flatcar, and climbed up beside her. Nina and Tom were close behind and Helen called: "Over here, Nina, there's plenty of room here. We can make a windbreak for Ed and Irish if we all sit together."

Nina smiled, and said, "Swell."

The whistle shrieked. The Shay coughed, puffed importantly, and they were rolling out over the lagoon trestle, back toward the shelter of land.

"The job'll be shut down for four or five days," Mike said softly. "We can drive into town and have ourselves a time. We'll catch a couple of shows and buy some clothes. How does it sound?"

"Anything you like, Mike." She was happy here in the curve of his arm, happier than she'd ever been. Nina smiled at her, a friend's smile, and at the end of the car she could see Ann McCarthy beside her husband. The shops were behind them, so was the jetty. A man's work—jetties. Yes, and a woman's work too!



"This train's supposed to be air-conditioned—do you notice any difference?" REAMER KELLER

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Some Women are Wise

Continued from page 10

happier than she had felt for some time as she walked home.

But once inside the shabby, commonplace apartment with its familiar wallpapers and curtains, chairs and tables, discouragement descended upon her again. One could not fight anything with weapons like these; a dark, hot little dining room, a kitchen whose linoleum needed replacing.

And she—the unknown woman—what did she have to offer Hilton in their place? Phyllida could only guess at a country club, thin, cool frocks, long cool drinks somewhere under the shade of great trees.

Dinner was late; the boys were restless and unmanageable; Phyllida was tired and flushed when the meal was finally served. When it was almost over, she broached the matter of the Philadelphia visit. Hilton looked up in immediate protest and alarm, and her heart turned to ice.

"Oh, Lord, not this trip, Phil! I'm to be with Mungo and Gunnison. The jaw men—Mungo's the fellow who wrote this new book on the jaw. They've asked me to stay with them—they're bachelors; I couldn't ask them to take you in. It's going to be all shop!"

HE TALKED on. She hardly heard him. She sat like a woman of stone, her head tipped as if listening, her chin still resting on her opened palms. . . .

On the morning he left, she turned to him. "Hilton," she faltered, "only tell me this—you're not going to be with her?"

"With—?" He was genuinely bewildered for a second; then his face flushed a dark red. "Oh, for the Lord's sake!" he said, in very real impatience and obviously assumed good humor. "That—that—you don't understand. I—I—well, shucks, the less said about that the better! I—I—look here, it makes me kind of mad—"

He stammered; a stubborn look had come into his eyes. Phyllida said simply, "I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about!" he said gruffly. "There's nothing to it at all. It—well, it's nothing. It was just—and even then there was nothing to it!"

And hastily, red-faced and embarrassed and taken at a disadvantage, he said his goodby, stooped to kiss the boys, and was off, looking his best, she thought, in the old linen suit and straw hat.

She walked slowly back into the house. Phyllida got the boys ready for departure with their grandmother this afternoon for a fortnight at the shore. They would live on hot dogs, Phyllida reflected—hot dogs and watermelon and ice-cream cones. But no matter; her mother was a competent guardian, and the boys adored that type of life.

When they had racketed away she slept, slept deep in welcome solitude and blessed peace. She slept and rested for two days. Then she accepted thankfully old Dr. Morley's invitation to come to them for the week end.

Rested and with her linens pressed and her hair washed, Phyllida reflected that any woman could make a quick comeback to health and spirits. Her soul was at peace as she sat beside the doctor on the drive to Riverways, and to the informal farmhouse set in a slope of green orchard that was called "Oakover."

Jane Morely, affectionately introduced by him as being twenty years younger than her husband, was not much more than Phyllida's age; Phyllida's first impression was that she was older, and then—oddly, that she was much younger than that. It was hard to gauge her, because she was not exactly like anyone else.

Rather square in build, with long hair wound in two dark brown plaits about her head, she had a plain, nice face, homely and friendly. Comfortable was the word she suggested; her blue eyes were kind, her laugh was deep and ready, her figure broad in its ample, cool dark dress. The little spare room to which she presently took Phyllida was filled with apple-tree shadows, everything there was cool and comfortable, too, and when Phyllida came downstairs she was not long in discovering that comfort and peace were the keynotes of the household harmony.

The old doctor had had three daughters by his first wife; two were married now, and the third soon to be married, but they were all at home. A boisterous granddaughter of two was there, and a son of the second marriage, Dodo, aged ten. Husbands were expected for dinner; it was after five when Phyllida and the doctor got there, and there were no servants in sight. And yet everyone's first thought was evidently of swimming; they must all have a swim before dinner; even Lydia. Lydia was the granddaughter; she was carried along to the boathouse, and presently everyone was splashing in the sunset glory of the cool water. Phyllida had not felt so young, so gay, for a long time.

The girls' husbands joined them before the swim was over, and afterward they all trooped up to the house together. And still there was no hurry, no pressure anywhere. At dinner, the young men talked occasionally; the doctor contributed asides with sly relish; Phyllida, with a new audience, put in an amusing word from time to time. But it was Jane who led the conversation.

Jane, Phyllida saw with amazement, as her happy week end stretched itself to a ten-day visit, led in everything. She was simply and naturally a leader. And she went about from morning until night making everyone within range a little happier, a little more comfortable, a little more conscious of being loved.

Her stepdaughters obviously adored her.

"They'd all rather be with her than with anyone else," Phyllida thought. "They can't wait to get home to her!"

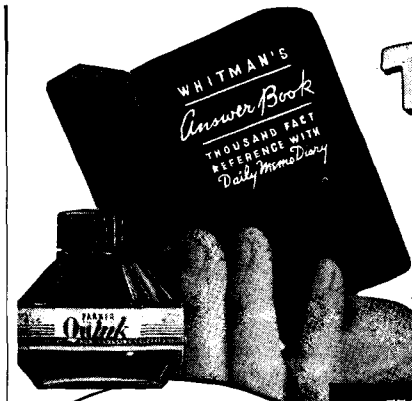
ON ABOUT the fourth day of Phyllida's visit she and Jane had a talk alone. They happened to be in the kitchen, stemming strawberries, when it quite naturally arose. Phyllida, reaching instinctively for something of the other woman's radiant philosophy, had suddenly been betrayed into confidences; she had outlined, lightly, humorously, ruefully, the situation in the Washburn home.

Jane had listened attentively.

"You, marrying a man so much older, don't know what younger medical men go through," Phyllida said.

Jane, after a moment's pause, was confidential in turn.

"My mother left me a little money, and I went to Germany to study music, and German, too," she said thoughtfully. "When I came back, twelve years ago, I meant to teach. But instead I got a job in John's office. Things were very bad for him then. He was in debt. The girls were only fifteen and thirteen and ten; they'd been spoiled; they were completely out of hand. They didn't like me—I didn't blame them. They didn't like this place—it wasn't nearly so pretty,



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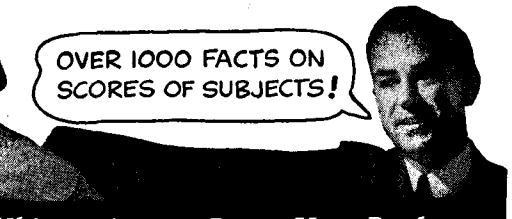

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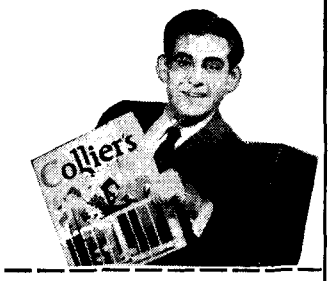

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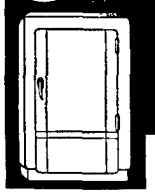

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and we didn't have river shore, then. John had been living in a terrible old bay-windowed place on Fourth Street, a house three servants couldn't handle. Of course the girls felt it was a bad change, to come out here with no servants at all. Those," Jane interrupted herself to say seriously, "were upset times."

"Upset!" Phyllida echoed, all sympathy. "Did the girls help?"

"Not at first. Not very willingly. But very soon it was all in order. And then, seven years ago, John was ill. We had him in bed for seventeen months with some sort of rheumatic thing. I don't know what it was, nobody seemed to know, but after a while it went as mysteriously as it had come. And he was very happy, sitting in the orchard, playing dominoes and writing letters to medical magazines."

"But that meant more debt?"

"Oh, no!" Jane shivered a little in the shady kitchen. "Never that again," she said firmly. "I took boarders," she explained. "Two very small girls who needed fattening, and a gangling eighteen-year-old boy who wouldn't build up. Margaret's husband, he is now."

"You took boarders?"

"Yes, for two years. I was sorry to give them up. Oh, yes, we managed very nicely, with two girls making beds, and one girl helping me in the kitchen. I could have gone on with that," Jane said, "but thank God, John got well, and now there's no more money trouble."

"You've had marvelous health and strength," Phyllida said, in the little pause.

"I've made myself have health," Jane substituted. "Bad health, you know, backaches and nerves and chills and no sleep—that's dirt, inside, isn't it?"

She said it so simply that Phyllida's growing impatience changed to a shocked laugh.

"Dirt inside?" she asked feebly.

"Well—" Jane said, with a shrug.

"If that were true nobody ever would have a headache," Phyllida presently submitted, her voice faintly resentful.

"I suppose not," Jane said, mildly accepting the irony. "Unless, of course, there are organic conditions—"

PHYLLIDA could only look at her in envy, exasperation, bafflement. The combination in this plain woman of content, belovedness and capability was just a little too much!

And yet Jane was not smug. She was not, indeed, conscious of herself at all.

"Ah, you're very lucky, Jane," Phyllida said, on the last day of her visit.

"Lucky!" Jane echoed, in the tone of one who finds the word too weak. "I've everything."

"Yes, but to lots of women it wouldn't seem everything. It's you, something inside you, that makes it seem so to you!"

"It seems so to everyone," Jane answered simply, with a surprised look. "I don't know anyone who doesn't like to come out here to our garden suppers."

Phyllida laughed, with a note of faint impatience in her laugh.

"Some women just are—smarter than others," she decided, feeling for words. "More loving and more lovable. Some women just are—nicer."

Jane looked up surprised from her darning, a quick flush showing under her smooth skin.

"Thank you!" she said, on a fluttered little laugh.

They were seated on a shady worn bench in the back yard, watching the small children and the wandering chickens as they moved from the deep oak shadows into the summer-morning sunlight, came back to the shadows again.

"One always supposes," Phyllida said deliberately yet lightly, her watching eyes on Jane's absorbed face, "that the other woman must be an inferior, an eye-lashy fool of nineteen."

Jane put down her sewing and they looked at each other.

"One never thinks," Phyllida went on, "that she may be—well, as I say, just a—nicer person than oneself."

Jane's color had faded; she opened her lips to speak, closed them again.

"Strange, isn't it?" Jane asked then, in a whisper. "That—that Hilton and I—that you and I never should have met—" And then, after another pause, "Phyllida, how did you know?"

"It came to me suddenly, last night," Phyllida said, speaking in a little rush, as if it were a relief to have it said. "When we were getting supper. One of the girls—Margaret, it was—happened to say that Hilton had been down here while the boys and I were in the mountains getting over whooping cough last spring. She said you were all crazy about him. And quite suddenly, I knew."

"I'm sorry," Jane said simply, after a silence.

"Ever since, I've been trying to find something—something I couldn't like about you, Jane," Phyllida said. "I kept thinking that it would be a satisfaction to be able to say, 'Well, at least here, or here, your wonderful Jane isn't so wonderful, after all!' " She stopped speaking. "I didn't find it," she presently recommenced, simply. "What I *have* been discovering is that some women simply are better than others, smarter and kinder and more lovable. Just as some women are prettier than others, or taller, or thinner."

"You don't have to say things like that," Jane said a little thickly. "I can't let you say things like that! What happened—and after all, nothing happened!—might have been between any man and any woman, regardless of their real attractiveness."

"Yes," Phyllida said briefly, still listening intently. "Go on."

"There isn't anything more. Hilton and I had one talk; that was the last time he came down here. And then, about six weeks ago, we met quite accidentally in town, and he took me to lunch. Afterward he sent me a ring that had been his mother's, and I sent it back. And that was all."

Phyllida sat pondering.

"I'M NOT thinking of jealousy or divorce or anything else," she said suddenly. "I'm not going to say that I'll get out. I'm not supposing that you want to divorce the doctor—"

"Phyllida, please—" Jane interrupted breathlessly. Phyllida silenced her with a quick gesture.

"I'm not supposing that there's anything to do about it," she went on. "I'm past all that. I don't blame Hilton. He came down here—just as I did, nervous and tired and discouraged. And he found out, just as I did, that life can be mostly fun, mostly swims and picnics and games and arguments about nothing, and simple meals. I've given him just the ugly, practical side of life, all duty and cooking and cleaning and disciplining the boys.

"You look"—Phyllida presently went

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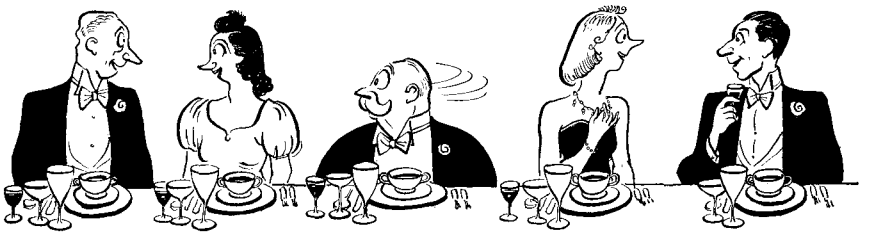

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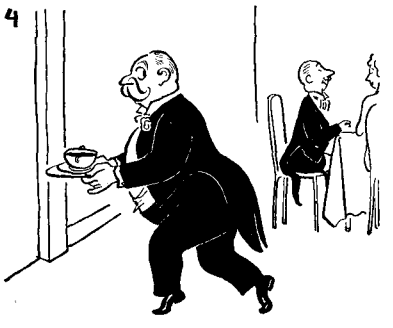

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on, uncomfortably—"you look so *little* like a—a siren, that it never would have occurred to me, until I'd stayed here, right in your own house! You—you were wonderful to have me, under the circumstances. . . . The doctor doesn't know?"

"Nobody knows."

A long silence.

"I'll not let Hilton know that I know," Phyllida said. "And now I have to go and pack."

They were all about when she said her goodby an hour later; she did not speak alone to Jane again.

IT WAS in summertime again, almost a year later, that Hilton Washburn said to his wife: "Moving to Borrow Hill was the smartest thing we ever did."

Phyllida nodded lazily. Dinner was just over. The last light of a long day was dying over the world, a pleasant world, here, with the low hills for a background, the spreading branches of an oak for shelter, and a setting of rosebushes and blackberry vines.

The dwelling had been built almost two hundred years earlier on the farmhouse pattern. Two towering maples guarded the primitive steps that led up to the fan-lighted front door; there were lilacs and syringa and pampas grass in the side garden where the supper table had been set.

Phyllida looked about at it tonight, and found it all good. She found good even the sight of two busy small boys who should have been in bed, and were instead climbing a splay-legged long ladder into a cherry tree.

"I thought you were kind of cracked when you fell in love with this old place," Hilton mused on. They had been over this ground many times in the past year, and always with complacence and pleasure. "When you suddenly began to talk plumbing and gardening, and having a place to entertain our friends on Sundays—well, I thought you were losing your mind!"

"I thought that lunch went very well today," Phyllida said dreamily. She knew that it had gone extraordinarily well.

"It knocked them for a loop," Hilton stated simply. "Well, maybe you were like an animal that goes into the woods and picks out the weed it needs," he offered. Phyllida laughed.

"Anyway," the man went on, puffing on a pipe, leaning back in his chair to look up at the slowly darkening opal of the sky, the slowly gaining moonlight. "Anyway, it's made you a different woman."

"Something has," Phyllida agreed.

"Well, what else? Country air, walks, fruit. Why, just meeting me and walking home across the links has meant more exercise than you'd have in the city in a month! . . . But the change really started with you. 'Member when I came back from Philadelphia that time, cross and unreasonable and ready to bust the whole thing up, and how you quieted me down? You said that you were much better, and the boys would be all right the minute we got them into the country, and you—'member the night you brought me the glass of malted milk?"

She answered without moving.

"Very well."

"You didn't know it. But I was all shot to pieces that night, Phil. I thought to myself that there was peace and quiet and order everywhere else in the world except in my own home. You were talking of moving into the country, we owed money—"

"I know," she said in the silence.

"I was sitting in the parlor—gosh, what a little hotbox that parlor was in summer! And you came in in your pajamas, with your hair all brushed and sweet, and some kind of nice-smelling stuff on, and you put this big iced chocolate drink down beside me, and a—what was it?—a sandwich? Yep. And you said, 'You didn't eat any dinner, dear. Won't you drink this and let me talk to you?' I've never forgotten a word of what you said, Phil. That we loved each other, and that we had sons, and that we must work it out together."

"It was about time I woke up to it," Phyllida said dryly.

"Well, that was the turning point," Hilton resumed, after a space in which husband and wife had sat quite silent in the deepening, soft summer dusk. "From that minute it seems to me that I knew we *would* work it out, and that that was what I wanted to do! I believe," he added, as she did not speak, "most men would, if they got the chance."

"Even if there was another woman?" Phyllida asked, as if idly.

"There was never any other woman, Phil!" the man said quickly, looking across at her in the gloom. "Oh, sure," he conceded carelessly, "there was a woman I *liked*. She liked me; she made everything comfortable and nice around her—I had a sort of crush. I used to think—but of course she was married, you know! She had a kid. There was never anything to it, except that she had married a man a good deal older, and probably sort of got a case on me, as a girl would—I don't know. But there was nothing to it! I'd tell you who she was in a minute if I thought you cared!"

"I don't. But there seems to be a good deal of floundering and explaining to it," Phyllida said calmly. Hilton laughed.

"You should worry!" he said. After a minute he added: "There was another thing, last year, Phil. You helped me out tremendously; I don't know if you ever knew how much. 'Member when Salter came to town?"

"Oliver Salter, with fifteen letters after his name?" she asked. "Certainly, I remember. And I remember several of your best patients trailing right across the hall to his nice new offices."

"WELL," he confessed, "I lost my nerve. I thought my day was over. Things were terribly flat in my office for a while. And one night when I spoke to you about it—that was just after we came here—you braced me up. Remember?"

"I remember some serious talks about that time."

"You said this place didn't cost us anything, and we could live on our own fruit and vegetables and the rent of the tenant house, and that you'd take a couple of boarders. And then you said, 'Don't worry about what Oliver Salter's got, Hilton. Worry about what you *haven't* got, and *get* it! You used to be called the most popular man in the profession. We'll have a little tea party at the golf club, and you wear your flannels and I'll wear my white, and we'll fight Oliver with his own forceps!' And within six months he'd moved back to Germantown," Hilton went on. "All of which proves, perhaps," he concluded, "that you love your husband. And that you are a very pretty woman, and people like to come to your tea parties."

"It might prove that," Phyllida conceded. "Or it might prove that I am like Portia. I am not bred so dull but I may learn. And so Jane Morley asks for my aspic recipe," she added, musingly.

"She's a nice woman," Hilton said. "Kind. Comfortable. But she doesn't ever look—smart," he went on thoughtfully. "You looked like a girl beside her! But she's a mighty nice woman."

Phyllida laughed suddenly, at some hidden thought.

"What's funny?" the man asked.

She laughed again. But presently she answered soberly enough:

"That, Hilton, is something no good husband ever ought to know."

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Divided We Fall

AMERICANS live better than other people because, among other reasons, the United States is one big national market. Our forty-eight states are forbidden by the Constitution to levy tariffs against the products of other states. Here is what the Constitution says: "No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state."

These words used to be considered plain and explicit enough to prevent both the states and Congress from building a network of trade barriers across the United States.

Supplying the wants of the 120 million Americans who occupy the 48 states created the biggest market in the world. Within the United States, an area roughly as large as western Europe, no tariffs or import and export barriers slowed down the commerce between the states. So we prospered and our general standard of living rose so high that the United States became the Promised Land to ambitious boys and girls around the world.

Politicians are now trying to break up the great American national market by building trade walls around states and even around cities. What's more, these acts continue to increase in severity.

For example, this summer the Louisiana legislature passed a general quarantine and embargo act. This prohibits the shipment of the products of any state into Louisiana if that state prohibits the importation of Louisiana products. Quarantines are set up to prevent the spread of diseases and pests. By a loose use of police authority Louisiana sets the stage for a wide control of interstate commerce.

The same summer session at Baton Rouge provided a use tax on all products imported into Louisiana. The purpose of this is to prevent citizens from buying outside the state.

Now the New Orleans commission council has gone a step farther and tried to impose an import tax on commodities bought in Louisiana but outside the city limits of New Orleans.

This is just the latest outburst of the fever of localism that has resulted in the many restrictive laws described recently by John T. Flynn in a Collier's article. Don't imagine, however, that New Orleans or Louisiana is especially narrow-minded in matters of this sort.

New York, the great cosmopolis that lives on trade, is quite as narrow-minded politically. New York now has ordinances that require new public employees to be residents of the city. The ordinances are very strict. If a Brooklyn lad takes a job in Pennsylvania or even in one of New York's own suburbs, he cannot be given public employment in the greater city.

Hardly a city or town or village in the United States has escaped agitation for the enactment of such laws and ordinances. We live at a high standard because our forefathers gave us a country without local trade barriers, and in endless ways we are seeking to destroy the very conditions that made us prosperous.

Many of these state tariffs were the indirect results of previously adopted sales taxes. A city enacts a sales tax and those who have the opportunity buy where they don't pay the tax. Gasoline taxes vary from state to state. Filling stations in regions of lower taxes advertise their advantages to travelers from other regions. That annoys the local merchants, who demand a new law and a new tax.

The cycle is vicious. One state or city imposes a tax to meet its necessities and another community adopts a new tax in retaliation. Or the same town passes another law to catch those supposed to be evading the first law. The only logical end of such a process is the establishment of walls and gates around American cities after the fashion of medieval towns.

This epidemic of local and state tariffs and trade barriers, cunningly devised to escape the plain prohibition of the Constitution, is the American counterpart of the nationalism that swept through Europe after the World War. Apparently there is no rational end to such diversive tendencies except mutual losses and a common lowering of the standard of living.

Already in many states, and even in many cities and lesser localities, Americans from a distance are called foreigners. This is not the way to prosperity nor to a good standard of living for anybody, native or foreigner.

America means something distinctive and splendid because Americans are the free citizens of a vast realm. From beginning to now Americans have moved at will about the continent seeking by energy and ingenuity to find or to create for themselves an ever-better way of living.

The West was settled by adventurous men and women from the New England, Eastern and Southern states as well as by immigrants from Europe. These hardy people were unfettered both in their choices of occupation and in their trade relations. The United States has been one free country, not split into tiny provinces fortified against one another.

All will suffer and none will derive enduring advantages if petty politicians are allowed to create barriers to trade and to occupation in the misguided defense of some vested local right to a job or to a sale. We have no part and no interest in the little jealousies and divisions that so long have handicapped the development of Europe. Internal tariffs and trade barriers are a reversion to the stupidities of ancient times. Certainly they do not point out the road to American progress.

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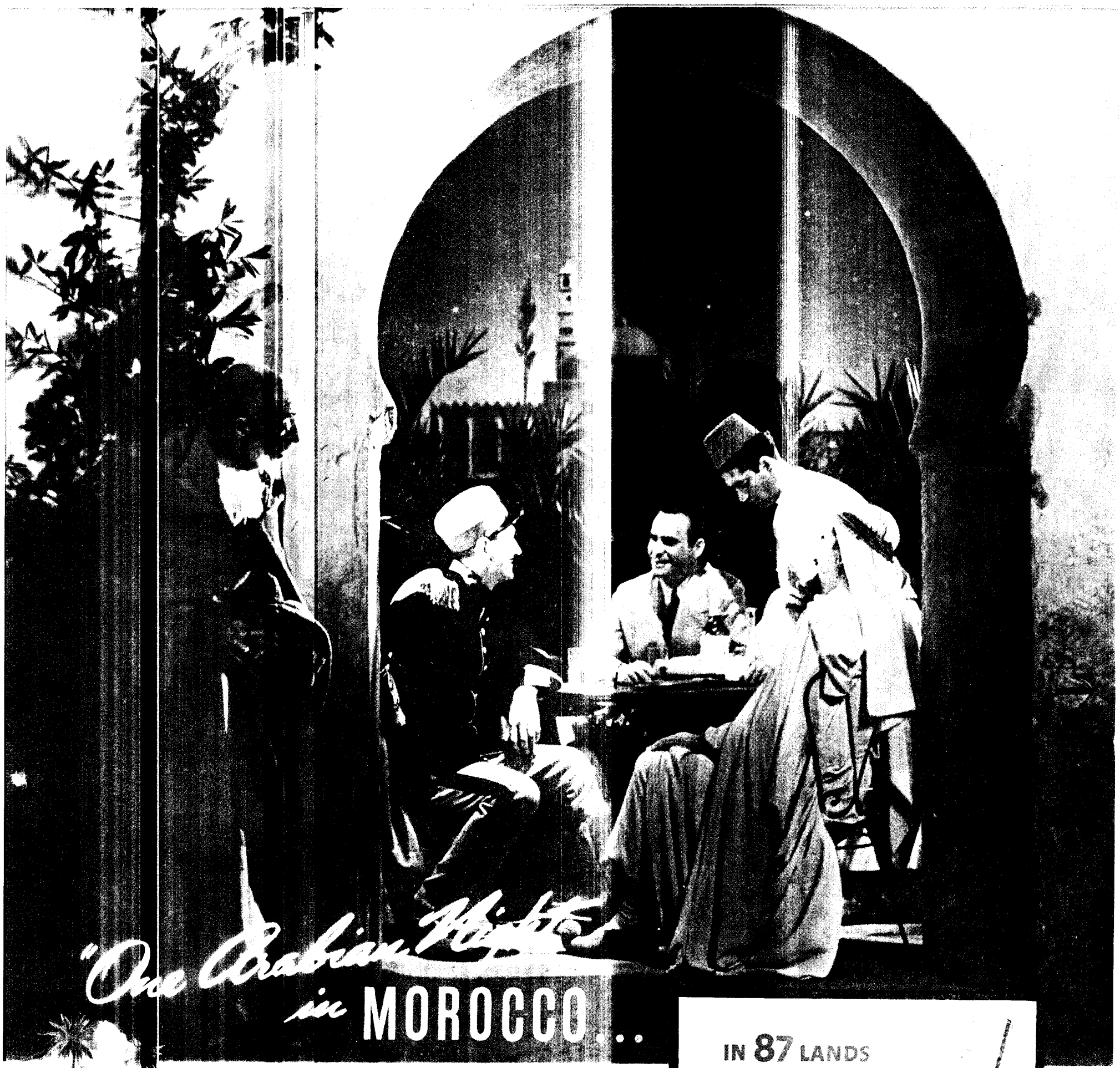

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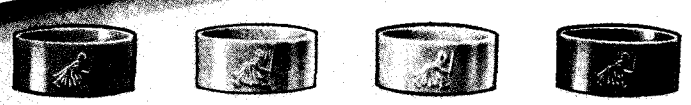

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